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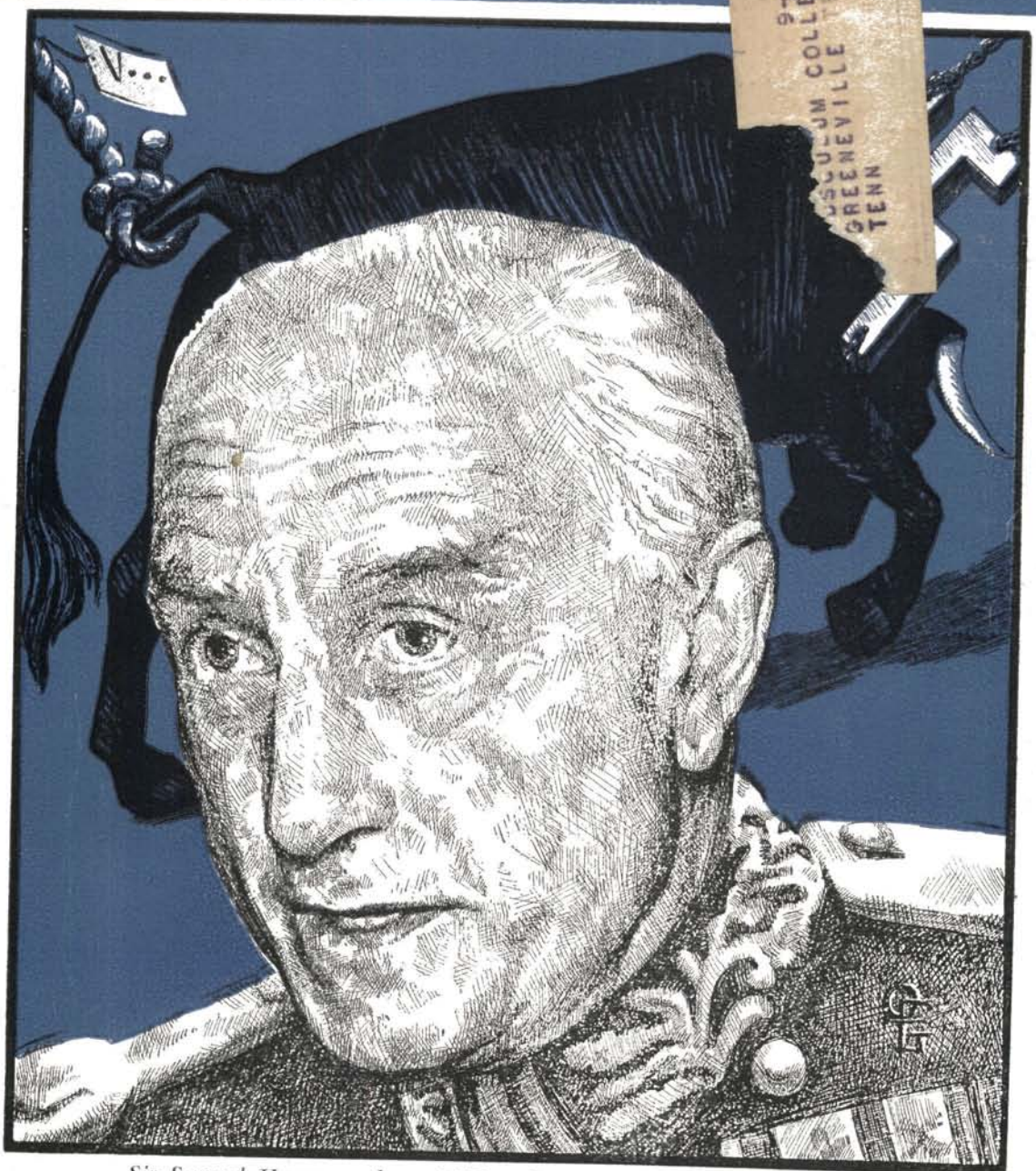

Sir Samuel Hoare, author of "Complacent Dictator." (See page 11)

Make A Name for Yourself

By GELETT BURGESS

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Anticipating the Critics

by GEORGE MORGENSTERN

Author of PEARL HARBOR:
The Story of the Secret War

I have written what is called a "controversial book." Norman Thomas, who has read it, promises that "Mr. Morgenstern and his book will be vehemently denounced." While the heat is still off, I should like to explain a little of the purpose of the book.

World War II was the most tremendous fact of our time. Its by-products are new alignments of power, the atomic weapon, and a troubled peace. These problems concern us and our children. Are we to know only what some politicians, anxious for their reputations and jealous of partisan advantage, think we should know of this profound experience? If so, we shall have learned nothing from one war, and we shall lack the judgment and the force to make ourselves heard when and if war once again is presented as an issue of national policy.

Pearl Harbor is subtitled *The Story of the Secret War* because, in my belief, the method of the Washington administration contributed to the Japanese madness of Dec. 7, 1941, and the facts, although now available, are still a secret of which the American people possess too little comprehension. Between August 23, 1939, when the Russo-German "nonaggression" pact was signed, and V-J Day, August 14, 1945, history was moving at a furious pace. It consisted of a series of moral, intellectual, and emotional shocks which were not conducive to either very clear or very detached thought.

Other factors served to make the confusion worse confounded. The quarrel—dignified as "debate"—which preceded America's entry into the war was conducted by resort to the most strident techniques of propaganda. The responsible leaders of government were managing national policy as if it were a private show. Their decisions were announced to the people after the event, if at all. After Pearl Harbor, the war-time censorship closed in even more tightly about the field of public policy. It was left to Washington to invent a new category of hush-hush information which could only be described in the phrase, "Top Secret."

After Hiroshima and the surrender ceremonies in Tokyo Bay, the war was regarded as a closed chapter. Nobody particularly inquired why the United States had spent four years in bloody battle. Japanese perfidy was a sufficient explanation, and everybody knew Hitlerism for the horror it had been. The popular outlook could be expressed in some such form as, "We don't know where we've been, but we're on our way out."

Pearl Harbor was something that had happened a long time before. If discussed, it was solely as a naval disaster. It was that, of course, but it was something more. It was what put the United States into war. Why was there a Pearl Harbor, and how and why did the United States get into war? There are fashionable attitudes toward politics and history. In some countries it is inacceptable to take anything but the conformist approach. Providentially, the United States is not one of them. The conclusion stated in *Pearl Harbor* are those to which the author was led by the record.

While Norman Thomas prophesies that "Mr. Morgenstern and his book will be vehemently denounced," he also says: "But his critics will have to do one of two things. Either they must refute his facts and his deductions from them, or they must candidly say, 'The magnitude of the fascist peril and the glory of total victory justifies President Roosevelt and his advisers in the use of any means to put a reluctant America into war.' This latter contention is disquieting to those of us who believe that a healthy democracy can live only on truth."

As to the facts, Charles A. Beard examined more than ten thousand pages of sworn testimony and official papers before reading the proof sheets of my book. He says that I employ the primary and irreducible facts of the record, buttressed by exact citations of sources, and that I supply documentary contexts for my inferences and conclusions. Critics had better be scholars before they get too vehement about that promised denunciation.

This book is a clinical examination of how war came to America. It considers the question of what responsibilities the Executive owes to the whole people, and what the people are entitled to expect from the Executive in the way of full illumination. Those concerns are fundamental in the life and growth and preservation of the Republic.

Those who object to historical skepticism may complain that my book is no contribution to the political canonization of its central figure. That is no concern of mine. As to the purpose my book is intended to serve, some observations from the minority report of the Joint Congressional Committee which investigated the Pearl Harbor attack are pertinent: "In the future the people and their Congress must know how close American diplomacy is moving to war so that they may check its advance if imprudent and support its position if sound . . . How to avoid war and how to turn war—if it finally comes—to serve the cause of human progress is the challenge to diplomacy today as yesterday." I hope the book succeeds in this intention.

Pearl Harbor

THE STORY OF THE SECRET WAR

by GEORGE MORGENSTERN

Published by
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Annual Music Issue

Douglas Moore Paul Henry Lang

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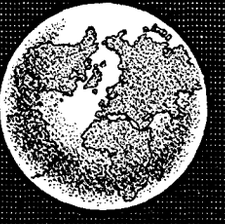
A letter from

Kate O'Brien

author of FOR ONE SWEET GRAPE

"WHEN I first read COME HOME, TRAVELLER about six months ago I was profoundly impressed, and troubled. The writer's powerful blend of high vitality with a relentless sense of life's sorrow was, I found, entirely persuasive, but also, through its sheer courage, somewhat hard to take. Having re-read the book—and how many contemporary novels are there which one can read twice within six months?—I am still more committed to admiration, but of a richer and more grateful kind; for, reading slowly this time—as I knew the story and could wait for its tragic development—I was able to taste the rare quality of pity and wisdom which informs the author's examination of the growth to death and salvation of a very human, very much tested soul. This novel, beautifully set, for the most part in Paris and Southern France of the 1930's, contains the unchanging philosophy of the Catholic Church, and applies it to one tragic human error, and to the common frailties of many characters. All the author's people are deeply understood and recognizable; her analysis of emotion is true and civilized; and the story she tells is pure and uplifting."

come home, traveller



by Claude Kinnoull

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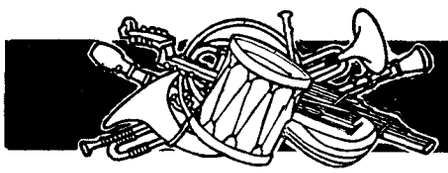

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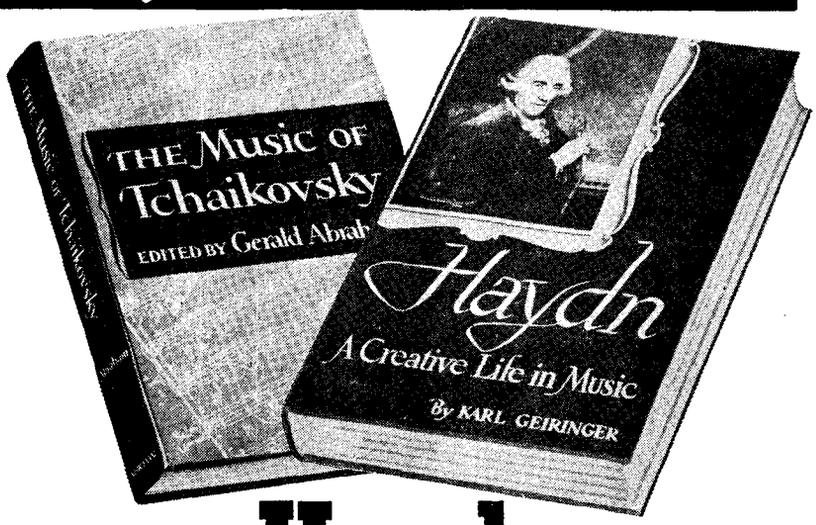

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TRADE Winds

WHAT PROMISED to be one of the frankest and most revealing autobiographies of a great actress ever published was blotted out at the halfway mark by the sudden death of Laurette Taylor. The beloved Peg o' My Heart of thirty-five years ago lived just long enough to reach new heights in "The Glass Menagerie." Between those two triumphs, Miss Taylor's career lay mostly in shadow; after her husband's death in 1928 she went to pieces. She planned to call this part of the story "The Longest Wake in History." After her sensational comeback, she told critics, "You see, the postman does ring twice!" Tennessee Williams, author of "The Glass Menagerie," paying tribute to his late star, wrote, "Creating that one good part for a great actress was sufficient reward for a whole career of writing for the theatre —for all the effort that went before and any that may come after." . . .

The pages that recorded Miss Taylor's passing carried the obituary of another courageous figure—a man who saw a seemingly impossible dream come true—and then flicker out in failure. His name was Max Bernstein. He came to this country at the age of twelve, penniless. Dismayed by the squalor and filth of the lower East Side, he swore that one day he would build a great hotel, catering to his oppressed people, in the very middle of the slum district. Twenty-five years later, his twelve-story, all-steel Libby's Hotel, with the finest Turkish and Russian baths in the country, opened at the corner of Delancey and Christie Streets, and the Mayor and other celebrities, plus most of the population of the East Side, turned out to do honor to Max Bernstein. His triumph, however, was short-lived. Libby's lost money from the first day, and finally went bankrupt. Justice Crater was appointed receiver. He disappeared a few years later—and so did Libby's, torn down by city orders when the approach to Manhattan Bridge was widened. Bernstein watched the workmen demolish his dream, sighed—and began a more successful career in another neighborhood. What a picture a sympathetic producer could fashion from this material! . . .

DEJECTION SLIPS

By Ernest Lehman

Dear Mr. De Witt:

Miss Haverstraw has asked me to tell you how much all of us here at *Good Housewarming* enjoyed reading your story "Windburn." We all thought it was terribly warm and human and poignant and certainly beautifully written. It is therefore with many regrets that we are returning the manuscript to you. Thank you for thinking of us.

* * *

Dear Delmar DeWitt:

"Windburn" is a helluva story—the kind of job we're always looking for and so seldom find. Harvey Kilman thinks, however, that you could strengthen it considerably by making a few slight changes.

He feels that the story should be told in the third person, instead of the first. Also, he is of the opinion that the script could stand a little pruning —about 2,000 words less would do the trick. And in view of the so-what feeling about war stories at the present time, he thinks it would be advisable for you to change the background of the piece from the Eighth Air Force to some commercial airlines in the States and have an airline stewardess for your central character, instead of the fighter pilot.

Mr. Kilman says that if you are willing to make these small revisions he will be happy to look at the story again.

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

I want you to know that the only reason we have held your short story "Windburn" for five months is that we have been giving it most careful consideration in the hope that we might find some way of incorporating its rather special appeal into the broader pattern of *Vague* magazine. But in the final analysis, it didn't quite make the grade, and it is now my sad duty to return it to you.

Do send us some more!

* * *

Dear Delmar:

I like this one very much. Elizabeth Wilson is also very much in favor. Donald Bilge, Radie Whitmore, and Francis Melba love it, too. But Mr. Grimm says no.

Keep trying.

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

We like "Windburn" well enough, but in view of the fact that we ran a story called "Heartburn" about twelve years ago, we're afraid the answer will have to be "no."

It was good of you to let us see it.

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

This is a little too mild for our male readers, and a bit too strong for the feminine contingent. But you're getting warmer. Let's see more!

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

This is to advise you that publication of *Gloom* magazine was suspended last July. Consequently, your short story "Windburn" is not exactly what we are looking for right now.

* * *

Dear Delmar De Witt:

Barney White has asked me to tell you how grateful he is for your distinguished short story "Windburn." I am quoting him when I tell you that not for a long time has *Impact* been privileged to receive a work of such

"May I have it for a little while now? I'd like to practise."

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"From where I sit"

YOU can hardly help but notice in this country how all the seasons overlap; fur sales in August, bathing suits in November, football on New Year's Day, and right through it all the baseball season which can be seen warming up any afternoon in the year. (Why, only recently a batter came in third in the fifth at Hiahleah!) Irene Dunne once said she wasn't sure love would ever take the place of baseball. But the ball players don't practice all year just to compete with love, they do it to keep "loose."

In America you gotta be "loose," that's what it comes down to. First it was "fast," then "fast and loose," and now just "loose." Even writers, who are naturally a pretty tense lot, have gotten to writing "loose," loose as a pitcher's arm while he's massaging dust into his pants.

What D'ya Know For Sure is as loose a title as you could dream up and even the name of its author, LEN ZINBERG, sounds loose. But don't let the style fool you, the hero of the book is as tense as a guy can be, and with good reason. If you had to guess what Terry (Cherry) Evans was going to do next—throw a book, scream, try to drown herself, or pirouette in tights, or blackmail—you'd be edgy too. In fact, it still isn't clear to me just which of the two Miss Evans is the real one, and it took Pete Rands long enough to find out, and after all, he was right there taking the punches and punchlines.

It's a different sort of book, the **What D'ya Know For Sure,** because while it's humorous in the outlandish sort of way, all the outlandishness seems pretty plausible when you think twice about Hollywood. These people are a long ways from being typically American, and at times you even wonder if they are people. In fact, I find myself asking myself appropriately enough, **What D'ya Know For Sure?**

paul

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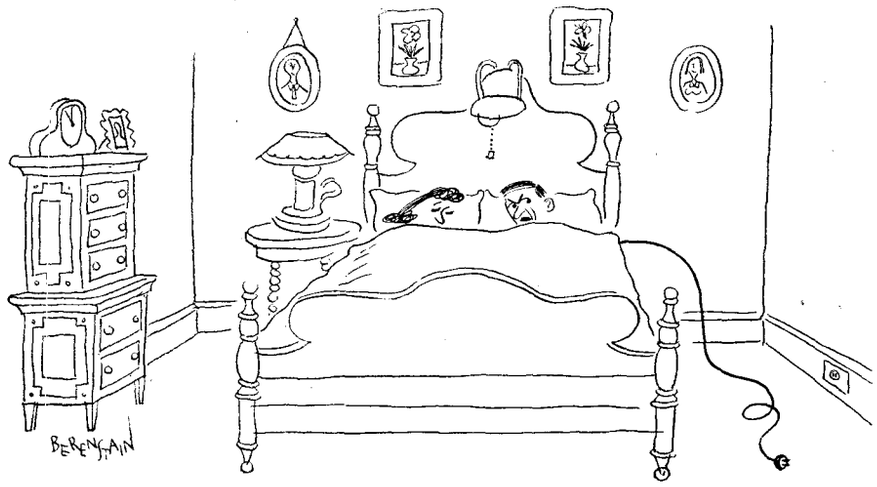

"Dammit, I forgot to plug in the blanket."

tremendous impact and penetrating insight. He thinks it is a truly fine job, and we should like to publish it in the August issue of *Impact*.

Enclosed you will find a check for twenty-five dollars ($25). This is in payment for first publication rights, one-half of motion picture rights, one-half of radio rights, two-thirds of foreign reprint rights, and one-quarter of television rights.

I join with Mr. White in congratulating you.

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

This is to acknowledge receipt of the check for twenty-five dollars ($25), which you have returned to us.

I relayed your feelings in the matter to Mr. White (though I did couch them in more gentle terms), and it appears that *Impact* does not see its way clear, at the present time, to meet your request for thirty-five dollars ($35).

I am therefore returning the story to you herewith.

* * *

Dear Mr. De Witt:

The editors of *The Friday Afternoon Gazette* are pleased to send you the enclosed check for $2,000 for your short story "Windburn." We liked it.

* * *

Dear Del:

The galley proofs of Barney White's annual "Superb Stories of 1946" have just come through from Chicago, and I promised you I'd slip the dope to you as soon as I got it—and here it is:

None of your stories seems to have been selected this year. (Sorry, old boy.) However, in his introduction to the anthology, White does refer to one of your pieces. I'll quote just the part pertaining to you:

> The year saw its usual quota of literary trash—the hackneyed, banal fiction of the so-called "slick" magazines which earns immense sums for its authors, not only dragging still lower the tastes of the American reading public but also throwing into further confusion the relatively low-paid writers of quality and distinction. Delmar De Witt's "Windburn" in *The Friday Afternoon Gazette* was typical of this genre . . .

Del, why don't you spend a week end with us up here in God's green country sometime? Madge tells me she ran into you in the city recently and you seemed a little pale and nervous. . . .

ERIC AMBLER FANS, who have been beseeching him for a new book for years, will have to defer their hopes still further; he has been writing an original scenario called "The October Man" for the Two Cities studio in London, and now he has decided to produce it personally. . . . Another thriller being made into a picture in London is Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock." . . . New plays soon to be available in book form include Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotsen," Ruth Gordon's "Years Ago," Moss Hart's "Christopher Blake," and Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." . . . John O'Hara's future books will be published by Random House. . . . Robert McLaughlin's new novel, "The Side of the Angels," due from Knopf in April, is being ticketed as a sure best seller by the omnipotent grapevine circuit on Publisher's Row. So is a book Farrar, Straus have bagged from Italy—"Christ Stopped at Eboli." . . . The March selection of the Literary Guild is a novel by Benedict and Nancy Freedman, called "Mrs. Mike." The Guild has earmarked new novels by Sinclair Lewis, Tom Costain, and Samuel Shellabarger for later distribution. . . . The Book-of-the-Month Club's March choice is John Steinbeck's "The Wayward Bus," with John Gunther's "Inside U.S.A." to follow. . . .

AN OVER-PUBLICIZED author submitted to a mass interview recently. When it was over, one critic said, "He isn't quite as conceited as I'd been led to expect." "Ah, yes," added another, "but he has so much to be modest about!"

BENNETT CERF.

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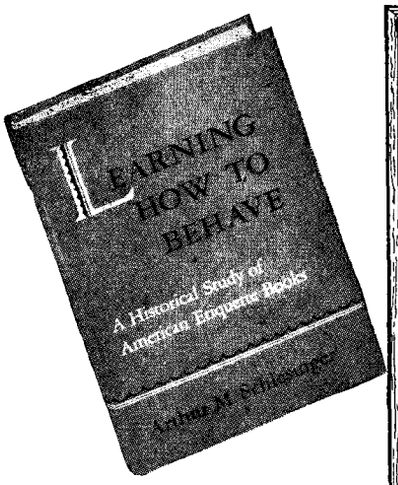

DO YOU KNOW

that the law once punished Americans for flirting, jeering, and making ugly faces?

what future President composed his own etiquette book at the age of fifteen?

why Lord Chesterfield's famous *Letters to His Son* enraged Mrs. John Adams?

that a Harvard professor's wife championed the right of Americans to eat with a knife?

that formal dinners once consisted of eighteen courses?

how round dances won social respectability?

why beards rose and fell in popular favor?

what etiquette authority is the best seller today (*not* Emily Post)?

For the answers to these and many similar questions, read Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger's delightful historical study of American etiquette books, entitled **LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE.** It is the story of the evolution of manners in America from colonial times to the present.

LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE is filled with quaint and curious sidelights on American culture, ranging all the way from George Washington's "Rules of Civility" to the Army's "pocket guides" for servicemen. The subject has its humorous aspects. It also has a solid core of seriousness, for changes in manners have reflected the great changes in our history. Professor Schlesinger does justice to both phases with the skill one would expect from a well-known historian who is blessed with a fine sense of humor.

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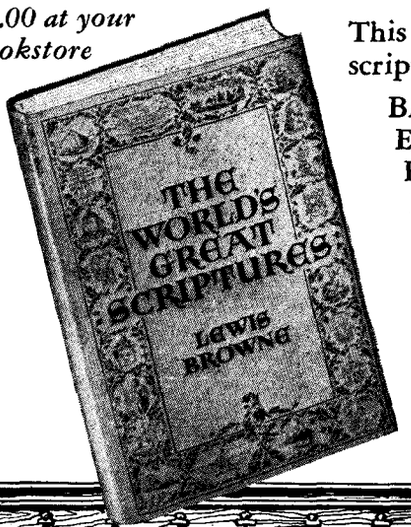

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What the *Book-of-the-Month Club* News says about

The World's Great Scriptures

"*The World's Great Scriptures* will be read. The first reason for this is the lively introductory material provided for each of the great scriptures included. The author . . . brings to bear upon them his own incisive, critical and analytical judgment, lightened with his now familiar brusquely witty style. The second feature, which contributes to the readability of the work, operates in the matter of selection . . . Mr. Browne has selected those religions, whether living or dead, which have had the most effect on world thought."

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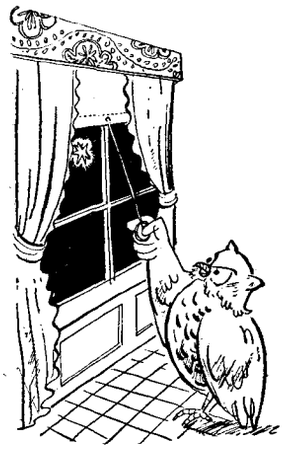
Two Riddles, and the Utmost Star



Scholars of some distant days, seeking an answer to the riddle that has been the first forty-odd years of the twentieth century, are likely to find in the 200,000 letters and other papers of William Allen White that have been given to the Congressional Library a partial answer to the questions that beset them.

—Editorial in THE NEW YORK TIMES, *July 23, 1946*

WE recently went over a selection of those letters, and although our approach was that of the amateur, we gained a deeper understanding of the riddle and even came to certain personal conclusions about what the answer may be. They were like the scroll of a people's life, and you have to unwind a scroll slowly and thoughtfully to get the whole story. Anything we can do here will be just the quick flip of a window shade rolling up. But White did exactly that, time after time in his letters, flipping the shade on a moment, so it may not be a bad idea to pull the strings a few times.

These forty-odd years stretch from the decline of horse-and-buggy days to the eve of the atomic age. In the first letter of all (July 1899), we read that William Allen White was planning a street fair for Emporia, and wanted a special attraction from Chicago:

. . . I want to get an Automobile to head the flower parade . . . I will arrange for the freight myself, and will pay the traveling expenses and hotel expenses of a man to operate the machine. We will advertise it far and wide, and will run special trains from towns within 100 miles to see the marvel.

But as late as 1911, in inviting William Dean Howells to Emporia for a visit, White tossed in the added inducement of "an old family horse" and "a two-seated family surrey." Progress, after all, goes back and forth. And the riddle of these forty years is a winding one, considerably more difficult than any a prince ever riddled for a princess. In its most simplified outlines it includes two stretches of laissez-faire, followed by two periods of domestic reform, each of which was interrupted by a world war. Today's bitter struggle between the progressives and the standpatters seems pale and dated in the light of the upheaval that took place in the 'thirties. White himself, liberal Republican and champion of civil liberties, was especially disturbed at the materialistic drift of our civilization and in 1907 wrote to a fellow member of the Board of Regents of the University of Kansas.

. . . How in Heaven's name are [students] to get any idea of any duty they have to their fellows in society, if all they hear at the State University is that we are so damned fat and big and powerful that we are going to be bigger and fatter and more powerful, so that eventually we will be the fattest, biggest, most powerful school in the West.

Throughout his life, White was absorbed by politics—a national convention combining for him "all the thrills of a prize fight, a bull fight, a gladiatorial exhibit, and a house afire." In June, 1908, he wrote to his adored Theodore Roosevelt:

There is to be no politics in this letter. This is my moulting season politically, and I don't look pretty. Anyway I had some feathers picked out of my neck by one of our mutual friends and you wouldn't care to see me.

Three and a half years out of four, White was on the side of the angels, but for a six-month stretch every fourth year he was as strictly a party man as they come. Perhaps it was this which once caused him to remark to Walter Johnson: "As you probably have decided after reading all of my letters, the angel Gabriel is going to have a hell of a time deciding my case."

In January, 1912, White was writing the following, which sounds strangely contemporary:

We need a new interpretation of Christ. I think this age and generation has to find its own Christ . . . I do not like the idea of the pale, feminine, wishy-washy, other-worldly Christ that has grown out of the monkish idea of religion. I have always thought that Paul was an old standpatter who came in and captured the Christian caucus and ran it into the organization.

Shortly, there was World War I, and then its aftermath.

In October, 1919, White was writing:

. . . I note you ask if the country is going to hell. Before you read any further, close the door and let me tell you something in dead confidence, and for Heaven's sake don't let it get out that I said so, but I really don't know. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, I think it is. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I am more hopeful.

By 1930, a new generation—"who are where we were a generation ago"—had arisen. In that year, White wrote to Mrs. Robert LaFollette, more or less in retrospect:

Our generation made a bad fist of it. Through no fault of your husband and in spite of his warnings, we compromised too much. The half loaf attracted us. I hope that the younger generation will know better.

Then followed letters to persons whose names should be familiar even to the youngest: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, William Green, Harold Ickes, Carl Sandburg, Fiorello LaGuardia, Louis Adamic, Wendell Willkie, J. Edgar Hoover, Drew Pearson, Robert S. Allen.

And then there was World War II.

By 1942, White was "pretty well satisfied that this whole show, from Sarajevo to Pearl Harbor, is some kind of a deep struggle in man's heart with his destiny." He saw man trying torturously to pass from a civilization erected "on the basis of family, town, and national self-sufficiency, to the vast interdependence made necessary by the coming of a machine age." And although the drift was slowly toward collectivism, "the world tendency was too largely, too narrowly nationalistic, and the clash has just blown the whole world clear plumb to hell and gone, speaking not profanely but with all the piety of my ardent nature."

But the letter we liked best was the last one we looked at. It was written in November, 1943, after White—a bit prematurely—had thought he was saying good-by to time and space:

I woke up two hours later in the hospital and heard Mrs. White repeat over and over: "Will, you're all right. Your pulse is normal, your breathing regular." And she said I smiled and said: "Sallie, I'm riding the rim of the utmost star," and sighed sweetly back into the Elysium of my dream. A little later, perhaps fifteen minutes, I called her saying: "Sallie, I'm sinking."

They had given me some kind of a morphine derivative which produced that sinking effect. She repeated over and over what she had been saying, that I was all right, not to be scared. And I heard Bill say with his funny, throaty chuckle: "Father's scaring himself to death thinking he is going to die." And I thought that was so funny that I giggled back to sleep! And the strange part about this is that both Bill and Sallie said that Bill said no such thing. Anyway, it was funny whether it happened or not . . .

—We start out innocently enough, and suddenly find ourselves in the atomic age with the whole world riding the rim of the utmost star, the riddle lying in between. And this suggests a second riddle. We tell ourselves that the world is all right, that its pulse is normal, its breathing regular; and then we ask ourselves: Who is saying what, and who is scaring whom? But the second riddle takes this hopeful form on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Selected Letters of William Allen White

Edited by WALTER JOHNSON

$3.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Make A Name for Yourself

GELETT BURGESS

I DON'T KNOW that you notice particularly the nomenclature employed by writers of fiction, but to me the names they give their characters have considerable psychological importance. They often indicate, in a way, the quality and level of the writer's work.

The most interesting authors, I find, use the most interesting names. The name of a character, if well selected and appropriate, adds verisimilitude to a story. It makes the person real and individual. Many lesser writers are content merely to pick a name from the telephone directory, the way foreigners often do when they are Americanized. But the top fictionists know that a name must seem consistent with a character's actions. A grave digger in real life may be named Elphinstone, but in fiction it sounds cockeyed and improbable. And in a tale we can't quite believe that a Mr. Diggory is the howling swell his author wishes us to believe. For the most artistic effect the name should not appear obviously made up. It shouldn't be too fantastic or conspicuous. But it should be original and distinctive. Fantastic names are for radio cut-ups.

Charles Dickens was the past master of such effective nomenclature. Of his almost 1,600 characters very few have familiar names, like Bailey, Brown, or Briggs. He is said to have kept notes of the unusual names he came across; but I am going to describe, later, an easy way of inventing them. Occasionally Dickens adopted the Bunyan method, largely employed by early dramatists, of naming a person for his characteristic quality, as his Mr. Kindheart and the Cheeryble brothers. And for humorous effect he wilfully overdid it in the Mudfog papers with such names as X. Ledbrain, Mr. Purblind, Mr. Dummy, Prof. Muff, and Dr. Soemup. But most of the Dickens character names are so striking and well known that they are part of his talent for creating memorable personalities. Many of them, like Uriah Heep and Gradgrind and Barkis, have become part of the English language as prototypes of their kind.

Rudyard Kipling also was conscientious and inventive in naming his dramatis personae. It was not a mere irrelevant detail, this fastidious nomenclature, it was an integral and significant part of his artistry. Often the name of one of his characters will make one wish to read the story. I derive pleasure in merely running over the interesting names of his people—Threegan, Deercourt, Slane, Dormer, Wessington, Austell, Biddums to mention only those of one of his early books. And for perfect harmony between subject and object, isn't there genius in the strange name of Morrowby Jukes as applied to the hero of a still stranger adventure?

O. Henry was a clever and prolific story writer. However, he usually portrayed only types—policemen, waitresses, bums, cowboys, and crooks—and seldom created highly personalized characters that one remembers. He was apt, therefore, to choose familiar cognomens, but he could be original and striking, with such names as Mahorner, McCaskey, Leeson, Dorner, Seeders, Lantry, *et alios*. He did sometimes, though, use queer names

that stuck up out of his yarn; and when he called a man Cipher, Riddle, or Lamp, it was a reversion to the old Elizabethan trick of creating humor by naming characters after common but incongruous objects. Shakespeare himself resorted to this custom in the naming of minor comedy characters such as Moth, Pistol, Costard, and Flute.

BUT for my money Henry James was the consummate artist at moniker making. His names are all conceived on the high plane of his fictional theses. He was a stickler for social codes and caste characteristics, an enthusiast for that quality of culture and behavior which the French call *race*. We call it aristocracy. And in a subtle way, the names of his characters seem to reflect the same social distinction. Hardly ever do you find in his introspective tales a name that you have ever heard before, and yet every one is plausible. You can easily believe that you might meet at a ritzy cocktail party tomorrow a Mr. Privet, or Miss Beldonald, or a Tredick, or Theale, Densher, Lowder, Straith, Munden, or Marcher. And you'd be pretty sure to find them well dressed, well-bred, and well-educated, though they wouldn't always be so proficient in Henry James double-talk.

Well, this little survey of fictional names has led me to some quaint discoveries. The theories I derived from them have not only amused me, and may you, but they have often aided my imagination in finding just the right name for characters in my own stories.

For, besides the other qualifications I have mentioned as necessary for a satisfactory name, it should be euphonious and clear cut. And I found that one way of producing a pleasing sounding double name was to have the initials follow in alphabetical sequence. We are so accustomed to our ABC's that the ear finds a kind of satisfaction in such names as Adam Bede, Bliss Carman, Claude Duval, Emmett Fox; Faith Gartney, *Good*

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Housekeeping (that's a proper name, isn't it?), Henry Irving, Inigo Jones—and you take it from there. And besides being euphonious, this alphabetical sequence makes the name easy to remember.

My second discovery was a trick of coining names by the method used in a game that Lewis Carroll invented. You change CENT into DIME, say, by substituting one letter at a time, thus: Cent, dent, dint, dine, dime. So you may begin with any common name like Brown. You change it into Crown, Crawn (you don't have to use real words, you know), then Frawn, and there you are, Mr. Frawn, plausible and distinctive. But don't make the mistake of naming Mr. Frawn Ellingwood or anything so fancy, for then you violate my Third Principle.

This is that in any combination of two names only one should be out of the ordinary. Ellingwood Frawn is too much of a muchness. The name sticks up out of the story and makes your reader frown. Eddie Frawn, however, arouses no suspicion. It sounds likely, and it is remembered.

The rule works two ways. If you have a common surname, like Brown, Davis, or Miller, the first name can well be decorative. The great family of Smiths know this. Can't you name several with an unusual frontispiece? I've just looked into the telephone directory to corroborate this and I find Adrian Smith, Albridge of the same ilk, Alphonza, Beverly, Blanchard, Carpathia, Caswell, Coterian, Corterian, and so on and on.

Which brings me (and I trust it does you) to Rule No. 4. This applies to proper names, but I have found it useful also for titles of stories. Long ago I wrote a story which I wanted to name Miss (Somebody's) Emeralds. I wanted euphony, rhythm, and originality. What better way, then, than to take the M, R, L, and D of "emerald" and rearrange them. Wouldn't there be a kind of hidden alliteration? Direct and overt alliteration in titles is strictly old hat. The last century's close abounded with "The Making of Mother" and "Paula's Pets" sort of thing. It was a trend sponsored by the editors. All right then, I rearranged the consonants in the word "emerald" thus: L, M, R, D. And then how easily the perfect name jumped up. "Miss Lemrod's Emerald." Isn't it plausible? Isn't it distinctive? And I defy anyone not in the secret to know how I did it.

My fifth and, yes, it's the last discovery, was that if you wish a pleasing name for an aristocrat, it's always safe to use one with a topographical affix, such as Westbridge, Hampton, Carbury, Broadford, Westcliff because such names hint at high life, since many landed estates are so named. Geographical names, too, give distinction when well chosen. You don't have to make them up. All you have to do is to take a big atlas, open it on your bed at the map of Europe, and, lying down on your stomach, follow your index finger over the page till you find a swell name like Caspian. She'll be Belle Caspian, of course, according to my Rule One. You might even try the United States. You can't use Hopbottom for the name of your handsome hero, of course, nor Factoryville and places like that. But in the single state of South Carolina, for instance, what's the matter with the name Yadkin (a villain, naturally) or Bladen (county). Annie Bladen could be the girl who meets boy, Jack Harnett. It's as simple as how d'you do. Your story is half written already.

On the other hand if you want to christen a simple Man in the Street, an average citizen without a portfolio, the name of any trade will go fine. Almost any, that is, for although I know a windowwasher named Painter, I've never heard of a Mr. Plasterer or Mrs. Grocer. And that's a funny thing—can you name a trade that begins with a vowel? If you can, kindly send me one, collect. I sometimes put myself to sleep at night making an alphabet of trade names I know or have heard of. Baker, Brewer, Butler, Carpenter, Currier, Dyer, Fuller, Glover, Hooper, and I go hypnagogic searching for one beginning with J. Let's see you do it.

But just hold it till I mention the musical quality of names. It's a subtle, but important quality. For names, you know, aren't merely combinations of vowels and consonants. They have meters which produce rhythms that are often unnoticed but suggestive. A study of poetic feet may aid you in selecting an appropriate name.

THE trochee (long, short) suggests a persistent, hammering force. In the name *Edna Ferber* can't you almost hear her pounding away at her typewriter? Or in the name of the Prophet of Things to Come you can almost see Drew Pearson breathlessly running upstairs fearing to be late for his broadcast. In the iamb (short, long) the suggestion is of a decisive vigor as exhibited in the name of Ber*nard* Ba*ruch*. The dactyl (long, short, short) is a more feminine meter, and what better to describe the limp, ragdoll ease of a *beau*tiful *Mar*ilyn *Mil*ler, or the soulful simplicity of a *Hil*degarde? Its opposite accent, the anapest (short, short, long) is just the thing for sparkle and pep, but it's rare in English names and we have to go the Gallic Antoi*nette* or Mari*anne*.

The amphribrach (short, long, short) combines art with power, as in Mod*jeska*, Mac*Ar*thur, Mc*Car*thy, and Si*kor*ski, though you may interpret it differently. The amphimacer (long, short, long)? Well, what have *Gene O'Neill* and *Joan Fontaine* in common, anyway? I don't know. And

(*Continued on page* 41)

"Carraway did some notable work in nuclear physics."

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Sir Samuel on the Franco Record

COMPLACENT DICTATOR. By Sir Samuel Hoare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

ODDLY, so few of the people who might be expected to like Generalissimo Francisco Franco really do. It would seem that Sir Samuel Hoare (Viscount Templewood), banker's son, Harrow-Oxford, Tory, co-author of the Hoare-Laval pact, member of the Chamberlain cabinet would find much in sympathy with Spain's dictator. Actually Hoare, Britain's wartime Ambassador to Franco, thoroughly detests him. "Complacent Dictator," the story of Hoare's mission to Spain from 1940 to 1944, tells why.

The Ambassador arrived in Spain in June 1940, just as Britain's prestige and power were sliding to their lowest point in modern history. He began his mission—which he never expected to last more than a few weeks—as Britain's army retreated from Dunkirk, as Norway fell, as Mussolini stabbed France in the back and as the German army reached the French-Spanish frontier. The first words the Falange had for him were "*Gibraltar español.*" He found a hungry and poverty-stricken country dominated by and infested with Germans. And he found a government that had no stomach for war, but, like Mussolini, had a jackal's appetite for a share of the carcass.

Hoare, in the years that followed, saw Franco more frequently, perhaps, than any Britain or American. Carefully he studied his character "as a sure guide to Franco's future actions." The devastating vignettes that he sketches of this strange, little-known man are by no means a complete picture but they are unique. Some of Hoare's observations:

> Franco's small, rather corpulent, bourgeois figure seemed insignificant. . . . His voice was the voice of a doctor with a good bedside manner, and of a doctor with a big family practice and an assured income.
>
> . . . I seemed to be visiting an oriental despot in the East rather than a Spanish general in the West. Indeed, the impression of grim seclusion given me by the environment of this chief of a police state was far stronger than any that I had felt in visiting the last sultan of Turkey in Constantinople.
>
> It was always difficult to draw him into a discussion that involved the interplay of question and answer. It was even more difficult to penetrate the cotton-wool entanglements of his amazing complacency. . . . I was astonished . . . at his evident conviction that he had been marked out by Providence to save his country and to take a leading part in the reconstruction of a new world. . . .

Sir Samuel concludes that complacency was not enough to explain the chain of successes that carried Franco from the fall of the monarchy to the fall of Germany and beyond. At least two factors, he says, were Franco's "Gallego cunning . . . and the weakness of his rivals."

Hoare stayed in Spain not a few weeks but more than three years. When he arrived into an atmosphere of excitement, hostility, and impending catastrophe he maintained at least an outward assurance that Britain was still Britain. Patiently he sidestepped daily incidents and frequent crises. Grimly he kept his temper, made his contacts, organized his embassy, and went about His Majesty's business. By the time he left Spain in August 1944, Germans were crossing the French frontier into Spain—not as conquerors but as refugees. Yet as the author ruefully remarks, "When I looked back at the vicissitudes through which I had passed I instinctively thought of the Abbé Sieyès's answer to the question, *'Qu'est ce que vous avez fait pendant la révolution?' 'J'ai existeé'.*"

It is interesting to compare Hoare's report with U. S. Ambassador Carlton J. H. Hayes's "Wartime Mission in Spain." Hoare is not as kind to Franco and his brother-in-law Serrano Suñer. But Hoare is kinder to Hayes than vice versa. The British Ambassador mentions his American colleague only once. Hayes frequently refers to Hoare and blames him for occasional inter-Allied friction. He also calls Hoare an ardent supporter of a Spanish monarchy—a subject which Hoare does not stress himself. Both writers agree in their contempt for the Falange and in their dislike for the current Spanish government.

To anyone interested in contemporary Spanish history "Complacent Dictator" is more than fascinating reading, it is indispensable. With its sister books "Wartime Mission in Spain" and "The Spanish Government and the Axis—Official German Documents" (published by the U. S. State Department) it fills out the Franco record. And while Hoare's somewhat disjointed memoirs of this period are not popular reading it would be well for more than students to remember, now that the victory is won, the main point of that record. As Hoare remarks, "It never occurred to Franco that the Germans might be defeated. The only question was when they would win and what was the best method of joining them in their triumphal march."

THE AUTHOR: Sir Samuel John Gurney Hoare, Viscount Templewood, has been in and out of the British Government since 1910, when he went to Parliament from Chelsea as a left-wing member of the Conservative Party. He was born in 1880, son of the first baronet, and succeeded to the title in 1915. He attended Harrow and went to Oxford, where he took a first in history and won a double "Blue" for racquets and tennis. In World War I he was invalided out of the Norfolk Yeomanry with rheumatic fever, going then to Russia as chief of the British Intelligence. He performed the same job in Italy, returning after the war to his post in the House of Commons. During the twenties and thirties he was in the Cabinet as Air Minister (four times), First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for India, Minister for Home Affairs, Foreign Minister, Lord Privy Seal, and was, from 1940 to 1945, Ambassador to Spain. He took up ice skating at forty-five and once gave an exhibition of his skill in Grosvenor House. In December 1935, while Foreign Minister, Sir Samuel went to Switzerland for the holidays and talked with Pierre Laval about a settlement of the Abyssinian War. The terms of the Hoare-Laval proposal, notorious for their appeasement of Italy, leaked out and caused a rumpus. He flew to London to defend himself, claimed he had acted to avert war, and resigned. Six months later he was back in the Cabinet as head of the Admiralty. In July 1944, he was elevated to the peerage, taking his title from the name of his home at Cromer, which looks out over the North Sea. He is married but has no heir. Among his previous books are "The Fourth Seal" (1930), which described his adventures in Russia during the First World War. He got the news of Rasputin's assassination so fast that a rumor in Russia credited him with planning the deed.

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An Appraisal—Thirty Years After

THE SOVIET IMPACT ON THE WESTERN WORLD. By Edward Hallett Carr. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 113 pp. $1.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE S. COUNTS

THE Russian Revolution is in its thirtieth year. Only members of the older generation, either in Russia or in other countries, can recall those "ten days that shook the world" in the autumn of 1917. To persons under forty the regime of the czars is merely something to read about in the history books. Those who led the "October" uprising are for the most part in their graves. Likewise, of those who opposed the Bolsheviks in their struggle for power, few remain.

The significance of this revolution will doubtless be a subject of controversy for many generations. Yet it would seem that the time has come for a sober appraisal of its impact on the rest of the world. This task has been attempted in a limited area by Edward Hallett Carr, Wilson Professor of International Politics at University College of Wales, in the very modest volume under review. Or rather, perhaps we should say, Professor Carr has written an introduction to such an undertaking. As he himself says, he has done "no more than skim the surface of a vast subject."

The author is well equipped by experience, training, and talent to undertake this task. He has a record of twenty years of distinguished service to his country in the field of foreign relations. He was a member of the British Delegation to the Peace Conference in 1919 and served as Third Secretary, Second Secretary, and First Secretary to the Foreign Office. He was also Assistant Adviser on League of Nations Affairs to the Foreign Office and at one time was a member of the British Legation in Riga. His writings are well known in America, particularly his "Conditions of the Peace" (1942) and his "Nationalism and After" (1945). The former remains and will remain for years one of the most important books on the building of a durable peace.

"The Soviet Impact on the Western World" comprises six lectures delivered at Oxford in February and March 1946. Within the narrow limits of 113 pages Professor Carr treats his subject in masterly fashion. He sets himself the task of placing within the perspectives of history the impact of the Soviet system on the political, economic, social, international, and ideological patterns of Western civilization.

In the performance of his scholarly labors he has striven for objectivity, disclaiming any intention to pass judgment on the "merits or demerits of the Soviet achievement." In view of the vastness and complexity of the

subject, the bitter passions aroused by the Revolution, and the spirit of controversy touching all things Russian today, he has been remarkably successful in his endeavor. Yet, as Professor Carr himself would be the first to concede, he has been profoundly influenced by an interpretation of modern history and a view of the future which other thoroughly competent scholars would not wholly accept. Such personal considerations always enter into and mold a study or inquiry of this character.

Professor Carr sees the Russian Revolution in essence as a response to the "mass civilization" which the advance of science and technology has brought into being. It marks the closing of an epoch which was opened by the Renaissance and the Reformation, was marked by the rise to power of the middle classes, and was characterized by emphasis on the individual in economy, politics, morals, art, and thought. Central in the social outlook of this epoch was the doctrine of *laissez faire* which was based on the assumption that the "interplay of individuals each pursuing his own rational interest automatically produced the best social results." Declaring that today this doctrine "has hardly any wholehearted adherents left, except perhaps in certain circles in the United States," Professor Carr implies that it is clearly consigned to the wastebasket of history.

It is out of this background of historical interpretation that the author assesses the "significance for Western civilization" of the Soviet achievement. In politics the Soviets challenge the classless conception of the state, the neglect of the social and economic foundations of government, the tolerance of opposition, and the divorce of the masses from the processes of administration, all of which have characterized the political theory and practice of the English-speaking world. In economics Professor Carr traces the universal interest in planning largely to the Russian example. In the sphere of social relations the Russians have emphasized the moral appeal, collective interests, and obligations as well as rights. In the realm of international relations they have revived, introduced, or strengthened the patterns of foreign trade monopoly, organized propaganda, and insistence on the role of power. The ideological impact is revealed in the spread of a militant philosophy of materialism, dialectical and relativistic in character. The vigor and vitality of these ideas and doctrines, backed by the enormous material resources of a large part of Europe and Asia, are bringing about a reversal of a long historical trend. The initiative is passing from the West to the East.

How can this challenge from the East be met? Here is the most urgent and fundamental question confronting Western democracy today. Professor Carr finds the answer in part in the military and economic power of the competitors. But he finds it chiefly in the "economic achievements and social programs of Western democracy and communism respectively." In this competition, if we are to survive, the author believes that we shall have to introduce into our democracy some of the elements of the Soviet system. Our weakness, he thinks, lies primarily in our "relative lack of flexibility" and in our "tendency to rest on the laurels of past achievements." "The Soviet Impact on the Western World" should assist us in preparing to meet the Russian challenge.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 669)

CONNOLLY:
*(THE) CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND**

Art is man's noblest attempt to preserve Imagination from Time, to make unbreakable toys of the mind, mudpies which endure; and yet even the masterpieces whose permanence grants them a mystical authority over us are doomed to decay.

*From the *Introduction*

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Prisoner of Hitler

AUSTRIAN REQUIEM. By Kurt von Schuschnigg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 314 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SIGRID SCHULTZ

DRAMA and tragedy deserving of the pen of the greatest novelists and playwrights of our times fill the pages of this book by Kurt von Schuschnigg, one-time Chancellor of Austria and prisoner of Hitler for seven long years. The man whom Hitler wanted to see driven to death or insanity tells the story of what he saw and experienced, of the miracle of his survival, of a wife's love that made his survival possible, of his hopes for a better Europe, in simple words with a great deal of restraint, leaving it to the facts and events which he reports to convey the full impact of the drama through which he lived.

One of the scenes that will go down in history is the meeting between sword-rattling Adolf Hitler, Fuehrer of Germany, and meek-looking, bespectacled Kurt von Schuschnigg, Chancellor of tiny Austria, on February 12, 1938. It took place in Hitler's sumptuous castle Berghof with the snow-covered Bavarian and Austrian Alps providing a majestic setting. The meeting was a general rehearsal for many future sword-rattling scenes with which Hitler hoped to scare Europe into submission to Germany.

When Hitler bellowed his boasts about Germany's rising military power and his threats against Schuschnigg and Austria, he was flanked by General Keitel who commanded his armies, by General von Reichenau who was known as the master of modern tank warfare, and by General Sperrle who had organized and directed the bombings of defenseless Spanish cities and people. In the background was Franz von Papen, the crafty expert at political infiltration.

Schuschnigg was eager for an understanding but he refused to accept Hitler's orders blindly. As a true Austrian he still believed that somewhere, somehow a compromise could be reached. He paid for his resistance with seven years in Hitler's prisons and concentration camps where the Nazis tried all the tricks known to them to drive meek-seeming Schuschnigg to suicide, because suicide alone would discredit him for all time to come in the eyes of the Catholic faithful in Austria.

Today, as Schuschnigg raises his voice again, we know that the once seemingly all-powerful Hitler committed suicide—or went to great pains to make the world believe that he had taken his own life. General Keitel, who snarled at his master's bidding in Berchtesgaden, has been hanged for the mass murders he organized. General von Reichenau died in the icy vastness of Russia of heart failure after his armies were defeated. General Sperrle saw the German air force, which he had taught the art of machine gunning civilians, crumble into nothingness. Papen is in Nuremberg awaiting trial by his own countrymen.

"Austrian Requiem" is more than the record of one former statesman's reminiscences and the record of his experiences at the hands of the Germans. It is a valuable psychological document because parts of it reveal the bewilderment of the intellectuals of our generation whose minds were shaped under the influence of German thinking foistered on them by German universities, economists, professors, and churchmen in Germany or in German-influenced centers of learning abroad. Desperately they try to reconcile what they have been taught is the German way or the German right with the crimes they saw committed in the name of Germany and condoned by Germans. Men who are less honest with themselves than Schuschnigg try to gloss over the harsh reality and seek alibis for their German friends.

Schuschnigg's natural inclination was to seek excuses for the Nazis when he was arrested. He believed in his country's racial and cultural kinship with Germany and eagerly sought for the kinder, the better men among his jailers. In his political chapters you can detect traces of what you might call racial resentment against Czechs, Serbs, Slovaks, and Rumanians who had failed to appreciate the old imperial Austria which holds Schuschnigg's loyalty.

As a politician Schuschnigg had been authoritarian. He admired Mussolini. He still talks of Italy as a "Great Power" and he labors hard to explain why he fought the Socialists so ruthlessly in his days of power. Though he was a fervent Catholic it took a long time until Schuschnigg admitted Nazism was anti-Christian. He carefully recorded the day when he read in the *Voelkische Beobachter* that "Hitler is God." He could have seen this pagan adoration of Hitler in the streets of his own Vienna when the mob chased him and his friends out of office, but he still wanted to cling to the belief that this was just a mob and not the "good people" of Vienna. Those of us who saw the fanaticism and the size of the Nazi mobs in Vienna after the Germans took Austria had trouble finding some of the "good people." We saw an amazing number of men and women who gloatingly pointed to the top floors of the Hotel Metropole, where, they said, Schuschnigg was "finding out what it meant to disregard the Fuehrer's wishes."

—*Wide World Photo.*

Kurt von Schuschnigg: "Will humanity come nearer to the realization of its eternal dream of world peace?" His answer is "The same as in 1918—WHY NOT?"

Schuschnigg's diary shows some of the methods used by the Nazi hatchetmen in the Hotel Metropole to break the man whose fortitude was rooted deeper in his faith than they could imagine. It takes courage for Schuschnigg to reveal part of the indignities heaped on him by gloating guards who, for instance, compelled the Chancellor prisoner to clean the toilet that

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was dirtied on purpose, with his one and only towel.

Parallel with the record of power-crazed jailers runs one of the most moving love stories of modern times, with a beautiful young Austrian countess battling fiercely until church dignitaries married her by proxy to her fiancé Schuschnigg after his arrest. That gave her the right to intercede on his behalf. Like the wife of the German Socialist Rudolf Breitscheid, the young Austrian bride of Schuschnigg insisted on sharing her husband's imprisonment. Their baby girl was born in 1941 while Schuschnigg was held a prisoner in Munich. Shortly afterwards the whole family was moved to a big blockhouse in the section of Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp reserved for Hitler's "special" prisoners.

With mass murder a thriving industry in Germany, it seems hard to understand why the Nazis kept the Schuschniggs, and others like them, alive. But early in the war Hitler had made plans for the celebrations which would mark the completion of his conquest of Europe. In his triumphal procession the leaders he had defeated were to be dragged along—with their wives and children, as in the days of the Roman Emperors. Until then, they were pensioners of Hitler, getting a monthly stipend—and when the authorities felt like it, some of their relatives were even allowed to visit them. Thus Schuschnigg's fifteen-year-old son by his first marriage was allowed to visit his father in Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp.

The strangest of characters, which appears in the reports of almost all prisoners who managed to survive, appears also in the Schuschnigg saga: the helpful jailer or fellow prisoner

who managed to deceive the Gestapo. Usually, he turns out to have been well bribed. For the Schuschniggs his existence meant that they had a radio set, powerful enough to listen to foreign stations, possession of which was punishable by death throughout Germany.

By 1944, the news from London seemed promising to Hitler's prisoners. But there were still days when the Germans thought they could win, such as in June 1944 when Schuschnigg learned through his guards that they were rejoicing because "new explosives and bombs of the highest caliber" were being used against London and Southern England which the Germans thought would mean final victory for them. When defeat came instead, the "special prisoners" were hustled off to concentration camps out of reach of the advancing Russians, and ultimately into the arms of the advancing Americans. On their way, in Camp Flossenburg, the executioner was hard at work. "We know what is going on . . ." writes Schuschnigg:

> The silence is broken now and then by a piercing yell. Sometimes it is a woman's scream. Each scream has but one meaning: the next . . . We try nervously to make as much noise as possible. We don't want the child to ask any questions. . . . The yard in which we are allowed to walk for half an hour every day has a gallows in the corner. The sawdust underneath it is being changed more frequently of late. A week ago Sissy celebrated her fourth birthday here.

At Dachau Concentration Camp, Schuschnigg comes to the conclusion:

> Dachau—one of many camps—has become the symbol not only of the methods but also of the philosophy of the regime which has brought endless misery on Germany and the world. And unfortunately, it is not only the symbol of the regime but also of the people under this regime. . . . We say without the memory of Dachau there cannot be political, social, or cultural reconstruction, without these memories Austria will never be able to rise again, without this warning Germany will not awaken from her stupor.

The former Chancellor of Austria meant his book to be both an autobiographical and a political document. He flashes back to Vienna, Paris, London, Geneva, Prague and reveals details of conflicts that preceded the war. In the years of his imprisonment he had much time to cogitate on things of the past in their relationship to the future. At a time when the nations of the world are busy trying to evolve the "United Nations," to replace the much maligned League of Nations, it is interesting to find that Schuschnigg in his enforced retirement reached many of the same conclusions that inspired the men who drafted the constitution of the United Nations.

"The League constituted, especially for the small nations, a useful instrument for the successful development of international affairs and therefore was a decided advance for the conduct of world relations," Schuschnigg holds. But whatever "World Wide League" might be created, "a well-armed executive will be needed." As to the role to be played by the various powers, Schuschnigg thinks "it is time to do away with the fiction of equality between great and small powers and to frankly admit at the outset that in the end all important issues are decided by the great powers anyway."

For the sake of the peace of the future Schuschnigg believes in a new "supernational law and order." He fears that

> If Europe is going to be once more the sum of spheres of interests, then the tragedy will be played over again with the same actors in the same roles. . . . If Humanity succeeds, however, in establishing supernational law and order, beside and over the sovereignty of the states, on our continent . . . then Austria and Vienna stand at the beginning of a new and happy chapter in their age-old vocation.

To the casual reader it may be startling to find that Schuschnigg sees his Austria as the "keystone to European peace." His definition of Austria explains what he means. He holds that Austria today as in the days before 1918 "means cooperation of nations within a framework of supernational federalism." Thus the prisoner of Hitler who has had long years to study the woes of Europe and to seek a solution for them comes to the conclusion that only world government, in some shape or other, can safeguard the peace of the future,

Schuschnigg asks the question which peacelovers throughout the world are asking as we start the New Year: "Will humanity come nearer to the realization of its eternal dream of world peace?" Schuschnigg's answer is "the same as in 1918—WHY NOT?"

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 188

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 188 will be found in the next issue.

BDC GT DC LBKRPGLP

SDVDPRQ, D KMCPNL RA

YRCWVDPGYWGRCT.

NDYRC. —YXDVNLT YRNWRC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 187

To ask for advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery.
—JOHN COLLINS.
"Maxims and Reflections."

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Positive Steps in Race Relations

NEW DAY ASCENDING. By Fred L. Brownlee. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 1946. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST BAER JOHNSON

MR. BROWNLEE'S book is a short history of the American Missionary Association. The story of that organization begins in 1839 when a large cargo of Africans who had been captured by Spanish slave-traders mutinied aboard the *Amistad.* At the direction of their leader, Cinquez, they killed the captain, put the crew in chains, and ordered the captive helmsman to steer for Africa. Through his ingenious navigation the ship anchored off Montauk Point, Long Island. There United States naval authorities arrested the Africans and took them to New Haven, Connecticut, where they were imprisoned and charged with mutiny and murder on the high seas.

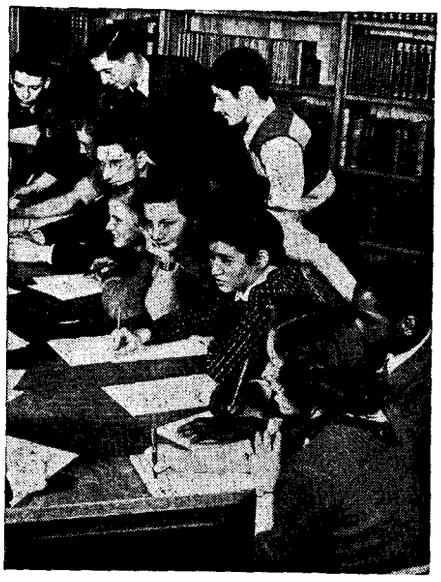
Students and teachers at Yale University became interested in the group, as did prominent business and professional men. And though the nation was still suffering from the economic collapse of 1837, a fund was raised by popular subscription to afford the captives the best defense counsel available, which included Roger Sherman Baldwin and John Quincy Adams. Despite President Van Buren's sympathy with the Southern slaveholders and his desire to appease the Spanish government, the case was successfully defended on the grounds that in 1820 Spain had abolished slavery in her colonies, except for those in bondage at the time, and since it was proved that the Africans were illegally captured, they could not be enslaved nor held for the murder of the *Amistad's* captain. They were repatriated.

The AMA was formally organized in 1846 when a group of those persons who had participated in the defense of the *Amistad* mutineers merged with other anti-slavery groups, namely: The Union Missionary Society, the Western Evangelical Society, and the Committee for West Indian Missions. An independent, nonsectarian organization, it pledged itself to "the propagation of a pure and free Christianity . . . from which the sins of caste, polygamy, slaveholding, and the like shall be excluded."

Today the AMA can point to a century of invaluable service to humanity. It has established or helped to establish religious, health, and educational centers in Africa, Siam, Puerto Rico, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and the West Indies. It has sent ministers and teachers into the Southern highlands to build schools and raise the standard of living of the white people who live on "the fringes of this economic culture." It has sought valiantly to help minority groups in this country, the Indian, the Negro, the Spanish, the Mexican, and the Oriental, to realize their full stature as citizens by sponsoring programs in education and race relations.

The widest sphere of the association's activities has been among American Negroes. For that reason, the author has devoted the main body of his book to information about the efforts expended on the uplift and education of that group. Before the Civil War, the AMA figured prominently in the activities of the Abolition Movement. After the war, when slavery had been abolished and the question of the Negro's position in the body politic of the nation had become an important issue, it was in the forefront of those groups which came to the aid of the Negro in the sufferings of the Reconstruction. It was during this time that the association laid the foundation for its vast educational program which ostensibly aims to eradicate "the sins of caste" from American society.

In the South where local governments originally denied public education to Negroes, the AMA has established more than five hundred schools. Many of these have become public institutions of elementary or secondary level. In the realm of higher education, such well-known universities and colleges as Fisk, Howard, Atlanta, Talladega, Dillard, and Berea stand as monuments of the association's achievement. In their earlier days, these were more than just schools in the ordinary sense of the term. They were social settlements committed to developing the whole life of a people. The administrators and teachers were not persons who believed in a way of life based on a priori notions about superior and inferior races. They represented the best traditions of New England intellect and character. Their philosophy was that every human being is entitled to the best that education has to give. Teachers and students of both races ate, studied, and worked together. And in those schools which have remained private and under the influence of the AMA, students of all races are welcome. The one exception is Berea College in Kentucky, where in 1904 the state legislature passed a segregation law governing school attendance in private as well as public institutions. The AMA carried its fight to the United States Supreme Court in contesting this law. The court decided in favor of Kentucky. Since that time Berea College has taken the lead in the education of the white Southern mountaineers.



—*From "All the Children, Americans All.*

Aside from its work in education, the most potent force in the association's current program to extirpate caste from the American scene is the work of its Race Relations Department. This department is now developing the idea, conceived by the noted sociologist Dr. Charles S. Johnson, of conducting frequent institutes on race relations to which students of all races, representing various occupation and localities, would be invited. They would discuss and recommend action to be taken in connection with problems involving racial matters. The students would live together as a family which would make the institute itself a technique in race relations. The first such institute was held at Fisk University in 1944 with remarkable success. The project has since grown considerably in scope and significance.

The author of "New Day Ascending," has been an executive secretary of the AMA for twenty-seven years. His book proves him to be a scholar capable of handling the materials of scholarship judiciously. His volume is not important as criticism or protest. But as a study which focuses what might be called synthetic vision upon one of the most glaring problems in American society it rises—though less monumentally—to the level of Gunnar Myrdal's "An American Dilemma."

"New Day Ascending" had to be written and it must be read. It will do much in helping America to relieve itself of the necessity of hypocrisy.

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He Never Stopped Swinging

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. Introduction by Clifton Fadiman. New York: The Citadel Press. 1946. 810 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IT IS now a half century since Ambrose Bierce became known to American readers, and he remains a puzzling, paradoxical, arresting figure. In his vindictiveness and nihilism he was not at all American, and yet he could not have appeared in any other country. He was self-taught, individualistic, disillusioned, arrogant. (He dropped his middle initial, for Gwinnett, when a rival newspaperman referred to him as Almighty God Bierce.) He had the free-swinging style of an American.

Ever since his disappearance in Mexico in 1913 his work has persisted, finding its way into anthologies of various kinds. The best of his stories have appeared in recent editions, and five years ago there was a re-issue of "The Devil's Dictionary." But there has been a growing demand for a collection of his work. Now that demand is well met, and with it comes Mr. Fadiman's grim and brilliant introduction which states with terrible and frightening logic the kinship that Bierce has with our own twilit times.

This volume contains the best of Bierce: the stark stories of "In the Midst of Life," the unnerving fables of "Can Such Things Be?," the savage "Negligible Tales" and "The Parenticide Club," "The Devil's Dictionary," the "Fantastic Fables," and the repellent romance of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." (The last was originally published as "The Monk of Berchtesgaden.")

There was never any danger that Bierce's stories would be forgotten. Now they are old-fashioned, creaky, melodramatic, but they are also art. They are distinguished by sharpness of detail, subtle insinuation, and brutal, springing climax. They always succeed in leaving one vivid, nerve-wringing impression. Into the stories went no perceivable humanity. They show a preoccupation with death—as much in the tales of civilians as of soldiers; it is all warfare, anyway. The ironic title grows from that preoccupation: "In the midst of life we are in death." And they show a complicated and fantastic fatality: "For countless ages events had been so matching themselves together in that wondrous mosaic to some parts of which, dimly discernible, we give the name history—" he comments in the story of Private Jerome Searing who was merely "One of the Missing."

But the larger value of this volume is its inclusion of the "Dictionary" and the "Fables." These writhing miscellanies are the unique and essential Bierce. He was not a thinker, nor a man of feeling. He had a sharp, jabbing insight, which found new forms of expression in these imitated but never equaled thrusts of iconoclasm.

"The Devil's Dictionary" appeared in intermittent instalments over a period of twenty-five years (1881-1906) in Bierce's newspaper columns. They are not a youth's sniping at the world; they are the sustained comment of a mature and bitter intelligence. The timelessness of the definitions keeps them fresh and pointed and in circulation. Currently a selection from them, "The Devil's ABC," printed with apt humor and irony, is issued by the Profile Press of New York but only the full text of the "Dictionary" shows its full scope. Bierce's definitions range from wit to rage, but they all add up to one thing: life is a predatory affair, in which man is contemptibly accomplished. Everyone who comments on the "Dictionary" ends by quoting from it. I will just say that the shortest definition is of *impunity*—"wealth," and one of the longest is of *gunpowder;* the kindest definition is of *dog*, and the most wrathful is of *editor.*

The "Fantastic Fables" have a wonderful vividness and variety. They start off in full, sweeping scorn—with the meeting on a narrow bridge of "Moral Principle and Material Interest." They include grotesque humor, as in "The Australian Grasshopper" and "The Basking Cyclone." They look into history and destiny, and find no comfort in either direction.

Throughout the writings runs a kind of fierce, disillusioned democracy, negative rather than positive—a warfare on all injustice and impunity. In Bierce's bitterness there is never a whine or a whimper. You feel he had a relish for it. Or say he had a relish for the world, and finding it bitter he hated it with a whole heart. At any rate, he never stopped swinging.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WEARING APPAREL IN POETRY

In these 20 familiar quotations, compiled by Grace A. Cowling, of Wilkes-Barre, words indicating various types of wearing apparel have been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 35.

1. A sweet disorder in the .....
2. A famous high top-hat and plain worn .....
   Make him the quaint great figure that men love.
3. With thy turned-up ..... and thy merry whistled tunes.
4. Under her long red ..... she toted a forty-four gun.
5. Mama in her ..... and I in my .....
6. His body is perfectly spherical, he weareth a runcible .....
7. Like one who wraps the ..... of his couch about him.
8. Sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a .....
9. He lay like a warrior taking his rest with his martial ..... around him.
10. The ..... 'e wore was nothin' much before.
11. Of ..... and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings.
12. His queer long ..... from heel to head
    Was half of yellow and half of red.
13. His youthful ..... well saved, a world too wide.
14. Her feet, beneath her ....., like little mice, stole in and out.
15. Then to the well-trod stage anon if Johnson's learned ..... be on.
16. Costly thy ..... as thy purse can buy.
17. The bridegroom stood dangling his ..... and plume.
18. The ....., and all that, are so queer!
19. Then threw the ....., but not with love, right in the lady's face.
20. I died in my ..... like a pioneer with the whole wide sky above me.

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Saga of a Male "Amber"

THE WHITE CHARGER. By Elsa Triolet. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 345 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

ELSA TRIOLET is the wife of Louis Aragon, one of France's great contemporary poets. Her short stories were awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1944.

About this book she says:

> It took the desolation of the year 1942 for me to write "The White Charger." I wrote then as if I had been condemned to long years in prison, nothing pressed me, I had before me a stretch of time empty and sightless: it could not last less than a year, two years, three years. . . . The nightmare that one lived made the hours seem like spiral staircases, crayfish, squirrels in a cage. . . . They were vain and stupid hours. The only way of getting through those hours was to write.

These sentiments presage a work of some dignity, a work of important intent. What we have in "The White Charger" is the mawkishly told saga of a male Amber, who becomes a hero in the last three pages. Michel Vigaud, Elsa Triolet's three-page hero, is just a handsome, sexy French boy who can't say no. He has two major talents: a gift for *le jazz hot*—he's an excellent jazz pianist—and a gift for fornication. Both gifts are instinctive, and Miss Triolet expatiates about them, especially the latter, with the finesse of a bulldozer. After Michel has bedded a dozen acquaintances and a dozen of those acquaintances' dearest friends, it all becomes a bore. Especially since he's the kind of well-intentioned youngster who delivers himself of this sort of sentiment: "I did a very shabby thing . . . going to bed with your friend's girl simply is not done." And that as early as page thirty.

I awaited "The White Charger" with impatience, for I thought that this novel would, perhaps, show French letters moving in a new, impressive direction. Elsa Triolet belongs to France's intellectual vanguard. She is at the very core of its political and literary evolution. But "The White Charger" has more to do with the world of Ursula Parrot than any serious world of French letters. Perhaps, in 1942, Elsa Triolet, hungry for a world in which the pleasures of the senses were of importance, a world in which there were dangers only from over-surfeiting the senses, wrote this novel to propitiate her hunger. It is filled with good food, beautiful clothes, magnificent women, sex, luxurious living. "The White Charger" was surely Miss Triolet's escape from everyday horror. If this is the truth, the book has a certain documentary importance—perhaps it even has an allegorical significance. At this time, however, and in its present translation it is very close to sensational trash—the last three pages in which it is revealed that Michel has died a hero on a World War II battlefield do not redeem the preceding 342 pages in which he has been a moody stallion in love with a fairytale princess whom he will never really possess. "The White Charger" has all the makings of a major work of fiction. It could have been a novel of Balzacian detail, a novel of Proustian implications. But Elsa Triolet has given only indications of what this book might have been. All the signposts are there, and for many readers these signposts will be enough. But for others, the book will lack integrity as surely as it is so utterly without distinction. Michel Vigaud played the piano and slept with so many people because fornication and, to some extent, playing the piano were his outs, his escapes. He was a doomed, ill-fated, amputated creature. Unfortunately Miss Triolet seems to have been interested in writing a sketchy, banal, picaresque novel of the senses, not an important novel nor even a very good one. That she fills in her text with glimpses of the authentic between-the-war Parisian haut-monde, replete with "real" names, only augments the book's meretricious quality.

The translation, the publishers assure us, has been handled "with deep understanding by Gerrie Thielens." Here are some random samples of this "deep understanding": "A thick woman . . . sang first." "I bumped my noggin . . ." (This last is said by the hero.) "He did not know the lay of the land . . ." "He had rigged himself out rather well . . ." "Now, little girl, I'm going to stretch out and take a snooze." Gerrie Thielens's translation seems to be about as understanding as those anachronisms usually evolved by the people who contrive the "English" captions for French movies. Or perhaps Elsa Triolet really writes that way—I have not read the French text.

"'The White Charger' was surely Elsa Triolet's escape from everyday horror."

Boy With a Book

By Virginia Berry

THE parchment speaks in the light: the eyes sparkle and follow
Maccabeus in arms . . .
A brown hand feeling the scroll;
The restless weight rests on an elbow, the fist fits into the hollow under the chin. . . .
And a woman watches
As life charges body and soul.

This is a primitive picture;
If you have a son, or a brother, or a boy neighbor, you have turned to this picture often, yearned to it, learned it by heart.
A boy and a book—
A book about a man with a bomb, or a musket, or a sabre—:
And suddenly, burning the young cool eyes, the masculine look.

Suddenly, in the little room whose window wears
A Nazareth at peace in the twilight gloom (and who can see the shackles?),
A mother stares at a man who leans
Over a hunched-up shoulder.
But to a boy on the floor at twilight, his hero's last, least breath
Crackles out of the parchment above one's name though spoken twice . . .
Some day a boy will be older!

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A BOOK IS STILL A PECULIAR THING

ONE of Alexander Woollcott's last literary labors was the compilation of a pocket-size anthology entitled "As You Were: A Portable Library of American Prose and Poetry Assembled for Members of the Armed Forces and the Merchant Marine." In his foreword the compiler related how, twenty-five years earlier, when he himself wore a sergeant's stripes, the military police of Paris became the bane of his life. Several times a day, day after day, he was forced to show his papers to these alert, suspicious, and disillusioned guardians of the peace in war. Then came a day, he continued—

> Then came a day when I roamed all Paris without once being stopped. M.P.'s might glance at me with distaste, but they all let me pass by unmolested. I meditated on this phenomenon. Why had I seemed less suspect? Wherein lay the difference? I could think of only one. By chance that day I was carrying a book. I determined to experiment. Thereafter I never ventured onto the highways unless armed with a prop volume. I do not recall that I ever looked inside this treasure but soon I would as lief have stepped out without my wrap puttees. For not once in the remaining months of my servitude was I ever called upon to account for myself. To the simple minds of the army's spoilsports it was unthinkable that a bookish soldier should be on the loose.

Whence has arisen the conviction, deeply implanted in the American credo, that a man with a book in a public place is indubitably an upright citizen but is also a little bit of a sap? What civilian policeman would stop a person carrying a book? Is it not possible that the rather appalling number of fugitives from justice whose escapes have been chronicled in the American press recently are going about armed, not with blackjack and forty-five, but with something in stout buckram? Seven of nine evadees from a Brooklyn jail are still at large at this writing—have the authorities inventoried the prison library since their departure?

A Westchester County commuter entered a station-bound taxi the other day and found a second passenger beside him. They greeted each other civilly, after the fashion of suburban taxi-sharers; then the second passenger remarked: "I hope you'll pardon my commenting on it, but it seems odd to see anyone going in to business carrying a book."

In Heaven's name, why? (There are even publishers who commute, and publishing is a business.) Yet this taxi rider merely voiced a sentiment which thousands of his fellows probably hold but are sufficiently well-mannered not to give voice to.

Holbrook Jackson, author of the fascinating and encyclopaedic "Anatomy of Biblomania," relates a pertinent anecdote based on an experience of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who went among the Senussi of the Egyptian desert in the hope of discovering "something of the better traditions of Islam" which he had been unable to find "in more civilized Mohammedan lands." The Senussi, ignorant of the lofty purpose of their visitor, took Blunt for a spy, attacked and looted his caravan, and would have killed him, he believed, had he not adopted "passive tactics" — a device he had read about in Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," a copy of which he had with him. Is it not conceivable that the Senussi caught him book in hand, while he was boning up on passive tactics, and decided he was harmless?

It is not so many years since it was considered as effiminate in a man to wear a wrist-watch as it was for him to carry his handkerchief tucked in his sleeve. The First World War helped to dispel this prejudice, but it did not dispel it altogether. The Second World War, the most abundantly book-stocked in history, has not dispelled the illusion that a man who carries a book (undergraduate left tackles excepted) is by that token *integer vitae scelerisque purus* but not very handy with his dukes.

Something ought to be done about it, but what? Inaugurate National Tote-a-Book Week? Engage several dozen preliminary-bout heavyweights, preferably the most elaborately cauliflowered, give each a book, and spot them in congested areas? Erect bookstalls in big-league ball parks? Or send Gene Tunney out on a one-man mission to reestablish the honorable partnership between the ring and the book? J. T. W.

"No, brothers, it definitely does not write under water."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Ministerial Corn"

SIR: My reading of *SRL* is second-handed—after another parson has finished with his copy—for we parsons must save at every place we can. Consequently I have just come across your editorial "Ministerial Corn" [*SRL* Nov. 23]. On the whole the criticism is just. It is true that we do have a bad habit of preaching on every issue under the sun and too often we do not know all the issues involved. Remember the story of the preacher whose sermon manuscript had notations at the side regarding delivery and at one point the note read, "Argument weak—shout!" However, haven't you fallen into the same fault? Aren't you criticizing without knowing all the issues involved? And do you offer any solution?

Of course you tramped on my toes. You brought up the Episcopalians. Now I know that their preaching is not the best, or as one parson said, "There is no reason for it to be as bad as it is." Since I am occupied in preaching at the same time everyone else is, I seldom hear another preacher, but I do listen to the radio. Radio preachers, in my estimation, are like all Gaul—they can be divided into three parts. In the first I should place the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, and the Roman Catholics. Their preaching is far from perfection, but generally they do have something to say, although it might be said better. The second class includes the ministers of most of the other regular churches—and you know them immediately by their voices. In the third class are the so-called gospel preachers. And if you don't agree that the first class has less corn in their sermons than either of the other two, I am willing to preach any sermon you will write for me on the Sunday after I receive the same.

The run of the mill preachers of today, however, ought not be compared with a few giants of yesteryear, but with other public speakers of today. Are the sermons more corny than the political speeches you hear? Or compare the sermons with the radio dramas. Are the political and news commentators on a higher level of grammar, logic, or diction? I doubt it.

Another point to be considered is that preaching is but a very small, *very small*, part of the modern parson's job. He must be an able administrator and see that the business affairs of the congregation are properly handled. He must be a good beggar—money raiser the vestries call it—or his tenure is short. He must be a promotor, for his bishop and national office have many irons in the fire for which he must assume promotional responsibility. In small parishes he must be sexton, choir master, school teacher, parish clerk, bookkeeper. He must be active in all good works in the community. Hours must be spent in formulating policies of the local Red Cross, Community Chest, hospital, USO, youth canteens, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions (how sick he gets of that damned roaring). You, perhaps, see him at eleven on Sundays and take for granted that he has spent all week preparing for that one hour. You expect a masterpiece of wit, of perfect logic, and of impeccable grammar. Perhaps this ought to be so, but in present-day American Christianity it is an impossibility.

And finally (see I too have some of the tricks of the trade, but this really is a "finally, my brethren"), you get what you pay for. Have you looked into the financial affairs of the congregations you are criticizing? Do you know that the average stipend of a pastor of an Episcopalian congregation is $2500 and that this is considered high among all clerical salaries? There are pastors of congregations in my part of the country who are receiving $25.00 per week. What kind of preaching can you expect? How do these salaries compare with the writers whom you are holding up as ideals? How do these stipends compare with the salaries on the *SRL*? Now all good sermons have some practical application, and here is mine. If you are seriously interested in removing the corn from the sermons in your neighborhood, get a few like-minded friends to join with you and then offer your favorite preacher say $1000 a year additional to "cut out the corn." I'll bet it works.

THE REV. DR. NELSON RIGHTMYER.
St. Peter's Rectory
Lewes, Delaware

"Why can't you be like other dogs and learn how to talk?"

No. 1 Public Utility

SIR: Congratulations on Waymack's "America's No. 1 Public Utility" [*SRL* Nov. 23]. It practically stamps Will Waymack as a living counterpart of old William Allen White. I do hope that Waymack did not intend to omit from his consideration, particularly No. 1, where he talks of the declination of the press, the need for a re-examination of the discriminatory legislation that now exists in favor of the large publisher and against the small one. Such considerations will include revision of tax laws, review of newsprint controls, putting postage subsidies on a sliding scale, suppression of conspiracies in favor of giant publishers through blockbooking advertising schemes, and those innumerable other suggestions which Senator Murray's Small Business Committee has under consideration.

MORRIS ERNST.
New York, N. Y.

Year's Best Book Review

SIR: Upon finishing John Woodburn's review of Jerome Weidman's "Too Early to Tell" [*SRL* Dec. 7], I exclaimed, "Now that's just brilliant. If I were on the Pulitzer committee . . ." and then of course I realized that there is no prize so humble that it is presented for the Year's Best Book Review.

Why not establish an award? You people could be the judges, or perhaps it would be better if you invited your readers to send in their nominations. What would be primarily accomplished would be public recognition of a fine piece of work. The award itself need not be large. Indeed it had better not be, since if a professional book reviewer—for *any* publication—were to receive a large check in his mail he might sustain painful injuries while falling unconscious to the floor.

FRED SCHWED, JR.
New York, N. Y.

Hymn of Hate

SIR: To them quick obsolescence
Whose writing smacks of adolescence.

G. E. HORA.
Chicago, Ill.

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Seeing Things

MAN'S HOPE

SPAIN was the test case. Anyone can see it now. Everyone does, including thousands of those who failed to see it then. Hindsight always finds the world's vision at its clearest.

Today it is a commonplace to say that what occurred in Spain during her Civil War was only a small-scale rehearsal for what was to sweep around the globe like a prairie fire in World War II. Historians, without so much as puckering their brows, at present recognize that the Spanish agony bore the same relationship to what followed it as the Kansas struggle of the 1850's bore to our own Civil War.

Tom Paine's "These are the times that try men's souls" was not a phrase limited to the American crisis. With or without being aware of it, men are being tested at all times, and not only by the stands they take on happenings close at hand. The Spanish Civil War was one of these events. When it broke out in the midsummer of 1936, it tried the souls of men everywhere, men to whom Barcelona and Madrid were mere names. It was a matter of conviction, not geography; of where the heart and hopes were placed, not the body.

There were those who saw it all clearly, and at once. Their spirits were immediately polarized—at the correct pole. They were never fooled by Franco, and all the talk about law and order and the safety of the Church. The Popular Front and Republican Spain had their sympathy from the outset. Our history knows no heroes braver, certainly none more imaginative, than those young men who, for the sake of far-away freedom, fought in the Lincoln Battalion. They were drafted only by their decencies. Thousands of others, who did not fight, at least knew. No wonder they are proud today, or that they have the envy of those of us who failed ourselves by not seeing that moment clearly.

Although it shames me to admit it, I know I did not. For Richard Watts and Marshall Best, two of my close friends who did and from the very first day, I have a special respect. Most of us who were wrong—even to the extent of being no more than confused, wavering, or indifferent—feel this way about those who were right. Plenty of people can always be found to climb on the bandwagon. The ones who matter are those who are in their places when the whip cracks and the wheels first turn.

A few months were required before some of the rest of us were so bludgeoned by events that we saw the light. To this day we feel cruelly the sense of guilt at having been unaware of what was at stake for all of us in Spain. We were tried by those times and found wanting. Yet we owe much to the Spanish Civil War. It lifted the blinders, however tardily, from our eyes. It dragged us out of the hermetically sealed rooms of our special interests.

This confession has been wrung from me by a film called "Man's Hope." * It is a picture which has come our way even more tardily than some of us came to realize the extent to which the Spanish Civil War, which is its subject, was a turning point in our thinking and living.

The film's history is a story in itself. Basing it upon his novel known here under the same title, André Malraux produced and directed it in Barcelona in 1938 while the city was still enduring a savage bombardment. When Franco came into power, the picture was smuggled out of Spain to be edited in Paris. It was there that Darius Milhaud wrote his score for it. It was in Paris, too, that French censorship, influenced by a certain pact signed at Munich, forbade its public exhibition. During the German occupation it was hidden, and remained hidden until after the Liberation when its editing was completed.

Seen now, it makes us all relive yesterday as if it and today were one, and look forward to tomorrow. The fact that Franco still blusters in Madrid, in spite of the protests of the UN and a world war which has blotted out Hitler and Mussolini, does not detract from this story of his people's magnificent fight against him. It may rob it of the happy ending expected in most revolutionary melodramas. Indeed, it may deny it the conclusion which in this instance is history's hope. Yet it adds to its poignancy.

A CAUSE is never lost if enough people believe in it. In the final sequences of Malraux's film, we are shown shot after shot (really far too many) of a rescue party. This rescue party is bringing back the wounded or dead bodies of some men whose attacked plane has crashed on a mountain while on a successful bombing expedition behind Franco's lines.

A cheap wooden casket sways and bounces on the back of a mule. An aviator whose face has been riddled almost beyond recognition writhes on a litter. The crippled fliers who can still walk hobble down the steep paths or are lifted painfully over the rocks. But the news spreads that these men who have suffered for the people are passing through the countryside. And, individually or in little groups, the people come out to greet them. They converge in such numbers that the mountain is dotted with them. What was meant to be a single rescue becomes an expression of mass hope. It may be stated at too great length and in terms which are too camera-conscious. Even so, its eloquence is plain and irresistible. And, one trusts, prophetic.

"Man's Hope" is an epic of the Popular Front told in terms of the people's struggles and sacrifices for freedom, and with scarcely a glance at their enemies. It is a saga, at once desperate and glorious, of the heartbreaking improvisations with which simple folk—uninformed, unmoneyed, and unorganized—must fight against trained forces properly equipped.

It is the story of how humble Republican townsmen and peasants dodge enemy tanks, snipers, and gunners to escape from a guarded city. It is a record of how they communicate with their straggling forces far away; of how, in their fierce need,

* *MAN'S HOPE (Sierra de Ternel), a film written and directed by André Malraux. Music by Darius Milhaud. Produced by La Compagnie Continentale Cinematographique. Released by Lopert Films, Inc. With a cast including Majuto, Nicolas Rodriguez, José Lado, members of the International Brigade, and Spanish peasants. Shown simultaneously at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse and the 55th Street Playhouse.*

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A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB choice for January

A double-edged novel of suspense and terror

This remarkable novel first appeared in Denmark during the Nazi occupation. Though published as a Victorian romance in the tradition of Jane Austen—the story of two lovely young girls, inexperienced in the ways of the world, who fall into the clutches of a pair of white slavers—it was actually the story of the Danes and their barbaric oppressors. So deftly had the mysterious and unknown author contrived the tale that the Nazis could do nothing about it officially. But this alone would not explain the tremendous appeal of the book and its large sale. It was read and loved and discussed as a *story,* not as a symbol . . . a tale of romantic and sinister adventure worthy of Edgar Allan Poe.

There is a strange, eerie light over the entire story . . . like the darkening moments before a storm. It begins at exotic *Tortuga,* a fantastic English country home with Javanese cherry trees, Chinese willows, and black swans floating on a quiet pond. But soon the story moves, with mounting suspense, to an old French farmhouse . . . a place of mystery with a bloody, historic past and an atmosphere of silent waiting. There the two young girls, suspecting nothing at first, discover that there were other young girls before them, all mysteriously gone; that there are frightful days and nights to come.

Despite its strange, slanting beauty of phrase and the Victorian primness of its beginning, this can be, unless you're on guard, a frightening story. It is a tale of escape and pursuit, beauty and horror, such as you have rarely read.

DOROTHY CANFIELD: "A novel of superlatively fine literary quality, written with distinction in an exquisite style, telling a fascinating story of mystery, adventure and pure young love . . . Read it with delight—for the beauty of its style, for the exciting adventure and dark horrors in it, and for the portraits of two lovable, brave girls." —*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

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THE Angelic Avengers

By PIERRE ANDRÉZEL

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CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Jane McGowan
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Thurs.—$3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20

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"Another Part of the Forest"
PERCY WARAM : MILDRED DUNNOCK : LEO GENN
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evs. 8:40 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

they collect any containers which will hold dynamite. It is the narrative of how they assemble volunteer motorists just before dawn to illuminate an airport with their headlights. It is the chronicle of how they send up their few planes, bomb a new enemy air field, and blow up an all-important bridge.

Offhand, such ingredients may seem bound to promise a rehash of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." There is a difference, however; a major difference. In fact, there are major differences. These do not stop with M. Malraux's refusal to draft Cupid; to whoop it up between the sexes; and to rely on Mr. Hemingway's comfy, if incredible, sleeping bag.

What Mr. Hemingway wrote frankly as a novel, and Hollywood turned into a film often closer to Beverly Hills than to the Spanish Sierras, M. Malraux has written and directed as a documentary. Not an actual documentary, any more than "Open City" is one. But a film which in "Open City's" way seems to be a documentary and which, though not quite so cumulative in its action, creates the same overpowering effects by concerning itself with the facts rather than the fiction of war.

Sometimes the details of its narrative are a little hard to follow, especially if we must rely on the English sub-titles. Sometimes its photography seems flat, even amateurish. Yet its crudity is part of its validity. The blight of studio contrivance is not upon it. It creates the illusion of being the real thing; sprung from an actual not a rehearsed despair. Its excitements, which are genuine, are not fabricated by scenarists. They are born of history.

There are many sequences filled with that highly charged, unthinking action which in the theatre is called melodrama and in life heroism. There is, for example, the anguishing moment when two Republicans, knowing that this means their death, slip quietly into a stolen car and race through narrow streets, head-on into an enemy battery, in order to silence it. There is also the long sequence of the flight of the bomber before it is shot down behind Franco's lines. A peasant, flying for the first time, is guiding the crew to the new enemy airfield near his village. The bomber must reach its target at just about dawn because enemy fighters will by then be on its trail. The peasant is addled. The land his hands know so well, his eyes cannot recognize from the air. That is, until almost the last second.

The climaxes in "Man's Hope" are culled from such incidents as these. What makes the film notable, how-

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ever, is its driving, unadorned authenticity throughout. Yes, and the sense it communicates utterly of belonging to the people of Spain rather than to a band of actors. Only three among the hundreds appearing in it are listed as professionals. They are the men who play the captain, the pilot, and the peasant. The others are either members of the International Brigade or Spanish peasants. Their faces are in themselves dramas. In them their autobiographies are written plain. Experience is their make-up man. They do not have to speak lines. The lines furrowing their cheeks and brows, and tightening their mouths and eyes, speak for them.

In few ways is what Europe has endured and we have been spared made clearer than in the faces of average people seen here and there. Every American to have been overseas must have felt this. So must every European who has come this way. It is not merely a question of diet; of a gauntness there and a fulness here. It is a matter of spiritual age, of historic conditioning, of individual hope.

Our very faces proclaim that we hail from the New World just as theirs reveal they were reared in the Old. As a people we manage, when adult, to resist maturity no less surely than Europeans can be born both adult and weary. We may like to fancy that ours are the more abundant lives. Even so, there is no doubting that we possess the emptier countenances. Many Americans have faces which, in spite of the war, look like paper waiting to be written on. In contemporary Europe there is scarcely a countenance upon which the tragic events of these past years have not been scribbled, and scrawled, and blotted. This is what Edmund Wilson meant when, some fifteen months ago on his return from the Continent, he reported that at first glance our faces here appeared to be lacking in focus, our personalities devoid of flavor.

What World War II wrote on the faces of Europeans by having written it across the map of Europe, the Spanish Civil War wrote on the faces of the men and women in Spain as far back as 1936. This expression is engraved unmistakably and stirringly on the actors in "Man's Hope" who have also played their gallant parts in history. Suffering is no new experience to these people. Neither is resistance. Theirs has been so hard a struggle for life that they can afford to lose this battle or that in their fight for freedom. And then wait until the next testing of their strength. This is why, though M. Malraux's film is really the record of a gallant defeat, it is also the promise of a future victory.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KILLERS PLAY ROUGH *Adam Ring* (Crown: $2.)	Baltimore private-investigator Pierce finds dead client outside office door, and many more corpses before secret of antique necklace is revealed.	Gangsters, hoods, sadistic torturers, fat and sinister "emissary" of foreign power all make life tough and terrible for long-suffering sleuth.	Bang-bang-bang!
PUZZLE IN PEWTER *Robin Grey* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Search for chessmen stolen from eccentric young Virginian's collection leads "tinker-detective" Martin and adoring girl helper into triple subterranean slaying.	Attractive Old Dominion people and background, especially cavernous parts; amusing dialogue, ample thrills, and intricate plot cannily unravelled.	Passable
THE BONE IS POINTED *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.)	Disappearance of disliked Australian jackeroo brings Insp. "Bony" to scene. Despite native magic and white uncooperation half-caste solves strange crime.	Bony's detecting, tho' shrewd and engrossing, takes second place to magical stunts of aborigines and amazing natural phenomena of antipodean back-blocks.	Good-oh!

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TOO BAD if you missed "Wanted: New Gods," by Ben Lucien Burman, in the Dec. 28 SRL.

See page 38 of this issue.

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The Cause of Native Music

An Editorial

Guest Editors
DOUGLAS MOORE
PAUL HENRY LANG

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, Secretaries Patterson, Snyder, Harriman, Attorney General Clark, and a long list of governors, Senators, Congressmen, and mayors have recently paid glowing and unexpected tribute to our native American musicians. In a series of letters to Geofrey O'Hara, President of the Composers and Authors Guild, these national leaders practically jostle each other off the platform in their enthusiasm for the advancement of America's musical culture.

Mr. Truman, who has a soft spot in his heart for music, says:

> I believe that we all have a patriotic obligation to advance the music of our own country. But Americans cannot be in a position to judge of the merit of American works unless they have an opportunity to hear them and to judge for themselves. Our authors and composers would certainly be inspired to nobler efforts if their works should be interpreted by American performers.

Musicians are naturally delighted with such friendly sentiments in high places. Long accustomed to the attitude that any serious musical activity is regarded by the Government as a form of boondoggling, they are wondering what will happen next. Will a newly inspired Congress turn to some modest form of state support for music such as is found in nearly every civilized country of the world, save our own? Will the states and communities contribute to the maintenance of symphony orchestras and opera houses in sections of the country which are starving for live music? Hardly. The sentiments expressed will take some time to filter down to the vote-laden mass of our legislators who have their eyes on economy and who would probably regard the whole idea as a violation of the traditions handed down by the founding fathers. Even from the leaders themselves, noble sentiments are easy to secure, favorable activity is something that comes about only when the pressure is high. And in this instance, looking at the country as a whole, the pressure is practically nil.

The average citizen reading the President's admonition would probably wonder what is the matter with American music. He spends a lot of money on music and has no ideas of sales resistance with which to combat the aggressive tactics now being employed against him. For music today is one of our most extensive and lucrative industries and is organized in the fashion of the business syndicate and the assembly line. Do you, for instance, buy a phonograph record? With the exception of a few specialty shops in the metropolitan areas you buy something designed to sell in fifty thousand lots over a few months. What moves across the counters? Two or three symphonies and concertos of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, and a few familiar favorites which are recorded and rerecorded with increasing splendor. Do you want to buy a serious composition by an American composer? Have you ever tried? Even those which struggled into being and sold out, not in three months perhaps, are abandoned in the scramble for the big money. How can there ever be a demand for a music which is never given a chance to beat a path to familiarity?

Do you subscribe to the local community concerts? What you get is a group of performers from one of the single big concert managers who dictates to the performers what to sing and play according to his ideas of what will sell tickets. And what will sell tickets? The old and the familiar. If a flier is taken with an American composition it had better be flashy, glib, or cute. It must make an instantaneous hit on its first hearing or it will never get another.

Do you depend upon the radio for your serious music? Better plan to sit up late evenings because up to eleven-thirty the advertising executives have the field and you know about their taste and judgment if you have read "The Hucksters," which many slaves in the profession regard as an understatement.

Do you eagerly anticipate the local season of opera? It is opera but it isn't remotely local. Whatever name it is called by it is largely packaged at the Metropolitan Opera House which puts the label on the singer so that the provincial buyer may safely invest in a ticket. You can't go wrong on the operas themselves. They are just the same as they were when grandma was a girl, and American composers are strictly taboo.

Maybe it is the symphony orchestra, and hardly any of our cities is without one, which is your principal musical delight. If it is an organization with a budget sufficient to attract his attention, it is dollars to doughnuts that its conductor, preferably a foreigner for foreigners are so glamorous, has been selected from the stable of one New York manager whose favorable notice is the sole means of entrance to the field. And how these conductors feel their oats! They are gauleiters of music in their respective cities. Their opinion is asked on all musical matters including the filling of educational posts. That they have the power to paralyze creative activity in their community was shown recently when one of them arriving to take up his duties served notice that he would play no music by local composers. Just why, he did not explain. It would save him a lot of time, no doubt, and would, at least, keep the poor things from lobbying in the green room.

All this syndicated activity is hardly favorable to develop our own music. American music is played and sung of course but more often than not as a gesture thought to involve sacrifice on the part of the artist, the manager, and the audience. The war brought about a certain amount of good will for American products, some of which seeped down to the creative arts. Now that it is all over there is a danger that we shall revert to the old idea that only Europeans are fitted by their creator to be active in music. Even in New York where there is a small public for new music and programs are somewhat more venturesome, a survey of a group of concerts given last year at Carnegie, Town Hall, and New York Times Hall shows that, of seventy-three programs presented, fifty contained not a single American item. Of 739 compositions, forty-five (less than seven percent) were by American composers of this age or any other.

If our national leaders express concern about this situation, it is fine and more power to them. But if the plain people who buy the tickets were to take an interest, our musical culture would take a quick upturn. Politicians yield to pressure but so do business men and if a slogan of "It's not necessarily bad because it is American" were to be adopted, there might be some improvement. This is not jingoism but plain common sense. European art and artists have always been welcome in this country. We owe them an obligation for showing us the way to a culture of our own. But as in the case of literature and the fine arts we shall have to emancipate ourselves from the idea of national inferiority if we are to become a musical nation. What the native musician asks is not prejudice in his favor, only an even break despite the fact that he happens to be an American.

D. M.

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Soviet Music Today

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

Moscow (*By cable*)

WE are fighting for spiritual culture in abundance.

At an extended plenary session of the Organizational Committee and active members of the Soviet Composers Union, held in October of this year, lively discussions took place on the direction of the development of Soviet music, and the tasks of greatest urgency for composers were formulated.

I am glad to say that our composers and scholars who are engaged in musical research are so keenly interested in the progress of Soviet art, in that music to which we are devoting all our powers and ability. The decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party lays upon us the task of composing music that expresses many profound and ennobling ideas; the Party and Government require that art should enter into every phase and aspect of Soviet life. Shallow, unmeaning music without any ideas behind it should not be written by us. Let's consider what we mean by music without ideas. It seems to me that unmeaning music and indifference are on a level. In our musical world the writing of music by composers indifferent as to whether it contains any meaning, whether it expresses some idea or conception or not, is inconceivable. The artist's glowing emotions and responsiveness, the flame of his soul, his ability and his professional skill, are qualities which should dominate in our future work. Unmeaning compositions are not only those that are totally lacking in idea content but also those that suggest wrong ideas and are in bad taste.

We must declare war on bad taste. I have great respect for light music that gives its listeners pleasurable and healthy recreation, but this music should be of very high standard, of excellent content, and in good taste.

We who have the honorable name of Soviet composers must strive unceasingly for our own improvement and for the improvement of our own taste, and for the broadening of the horizons of our ideas. One hears very flattering and sometimes exaggerated compliments and epithets applied to us. They are out of place, it seems to me; they are unnecessary. Soviet music has remarkable achievements to its credit in many genres—symphony, chamber, and song music—but I consider it unnecessary and untimely to label this or that piece as supremely characteristic of our epoch. If we are truly contemporaneous with our Soviet epoch, if we prove capable of getting a grasp of all the wealth and diversity of its phenomena, then undoubtedly we shall create music worthy of it.

Music is very highly appreciated by our Soviet Government which has provided the conditions needed for the richest development of Soviet musical culture. It has aimed at giving our country spiritual culture in abundance, inasmuch as in this wealth of culture, including musical culture, lies one of the principal tasks of socialism. In the Soviet epoch, the age-old contradiction between the sensitive soul of the artist and real life in society has been done away with. We can see in our contemporaries the harmonious merging of personal interests with social and state interests.

We musicians are servants of the people but there is no gulf between us. We have all come from the people; we are linked by common interests, common hopes and aims. The task, then, of Soviet composers is to satisfy the people's cultural requirements and keep pace with their high demands on art. We must not lag behind but help to develop public taste and contribute to its enrichment by new ideas. I am proud to think that our compositions are in some measure the voice of the people, the voice of our Soviet epoch. The instructions of the Central Committee of the Communist Party head a new page in the history of Soviet art; they direct and inspire us. I think that if we bear these excellent points in mind in our work the more strongly we shall feel the throb of life, the pulse of our country, now when the wounds dealt by the fascists are being healed, and the greater successes we shall achieve in our creative art.

A SPIRITUAL REBIRTH

A FEW months ago the Agitation and Propaganda Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, through its official journal, *Culture and Life,* hailed Dmitri Shostakovich, amid much publicity, before the tribunal of conscience. The above communication is one of the results. It is not the first time the famed composer of the Leningrad Symphony has been forced to eat crow; a few years ago he was roundly denounced for his opera "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," and he humbly recanted, promising never again to offend party sensibilities. The cause of his present predicament is, however, as surprising as it is hard to understand. His Ninth Symphony which called forth all the official indignation, is, like most other symphonies, made up of tunes, rhythms, harmonies, oboes, drums, and fiddles; there are no words in it, no allusions, no titles. Yet the above-mentioned committee read in the musical staff many things which the rest of us would never be able to discover. The symphony, he says, merely imitates archaic, classical models, thereby cowardly abandoning the "warm ideological conviction" of the Russia of our time; it merely toys with sounds when it should be out converting the rest of the world; the composer is "taking a vacation to rest from modern problems" when he should bend every effort to render in music the postwar heroism of his people as he depicted their legendary defense of the ancient city of Peter the Great. All this, of course, is patent nonsense. It is very easy to make a lot of noise with a big orchestra and call it a Battle Symphony. Many a composer has done it, among them Beethoven, and not one of these works lived beyond the respective peace treaties which followed in the wake of the battle. Shostakovich's Battle Symphony is a more seriously planned affair than Beethoven's, but it too suffers from the fact that if music follows a train of thought imposed upon it from without it is bound to suffer. But in the Ninth, Shostakovich wrote just plain music in which the instruments simply play something that may be good music or bad music, but which is proper meat only for a central committee of musical sensibilities. If the Shostakovich of the eight symphonies was thoroughly acceptable to the guardians of Soviet morals, the Ninth could not by any stretch of the imagination be called out of line. Though the cat-o'-nine-tails is cracked over our poor symphonic sinner, the reason eludes our comprehension. It is nevertheless somewhat shocking to see such an abject surrender as this cable represents. Shostakovich can no more carry out the directives that were obviously put into his mouth than an American composer could reflect in his symphony the current change in our political climate by hewing closer to the GOP line. But unlike his American colleague he has no choice in the matter. Well, we all like to keep our heads.

P. H. L.

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Liebestraum

PAUL HENRY LANG

VICOMTE DE FLAVIGNY, a young captain of the Guards, found the situation unbearable in Paris and decided to flee while it was still possible. The situation had indeed deteriorated; the heads of the king and queen rested on sawdust in a barrel, loyal officers were hounded day and night, and whoever did not care to be thrown to the angry mob had better leave the boundaries of France behind him. The aristocratic officers dreamed of organizing a new emigrant army with which they might return to punish Paris and its bloodthirsty hordes. It was thus that Captain de Flavigny found himself in Frankfort, where the doors of the best society were opened to him. Among his many hosts was the banker Moritz Bethmann whose ancestors, although of an inconvenient religious persuasion, served the ancient German knighthood in financial matters, and at the opening of the eighteenth century founded a great Frankfort banking house.

The banker had a daughter, and it was not very long before the elegant captain of the Guards and the young lady showed signs of a warm mutual sympathy. Being a man of sound social and financial instincts, Bethmann disapproved of the budding romance, and since he had considerable influence with the municipal government, the vicomte was placed behind lock and key, for, after all, he was an undesirable alien. It seems, however, that the banker's daughter had her own political contacts, at least with the lesser figures of the city administration, and a visit in the prisoner's cell was arranged. The escapade was duly reported by the young lady to her parents, who urgently gave their permission for the couple to be married. Thus was born, on New Year's Eve 1805, Marie, Vicomtesse de Flavigny.

The commoner turned vicomtesse showed much more political acumen than her father, the financial wizard, who considered the refugee aristocrat a poor risk, for while de Flavigny died in 1817, his daughter, bearer of a fine royalist name, had no difficulty in joining the elite of the society of the Restoration. After having been educated in the convent of the Sacred Heart, she became lady in waiting to the Dauphine, the daughter of Louis XVI, and at the age of 22 married Count Charles d'Agoult, scion of a distinguished family of soldiers and some twenty years her senior. From this moment on Countess Marie d'Agoult became one of the shining stars of the social and intellectual life of Paris. Although she had two children by her husband, the couple were rather cool toward each other, and in order to compensate for this uninteresting life Marie threw herself into the whirl of the celebrated literary salons of the capital. The ample allowances received from the Bethmann treasury made this scintillating life possible, but money was by no means her chief asset, for the countess's blonde tresses, admired even by the aged Goethe, lured everyone to her salon.

Among her group of admirers, which included Alfred de Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Ingres, Chopin, Meyerbeer, Heine, was Hector Berlioz, who in turn introduced his friend Franz Liszt, at that time (1834) a little-known pianist. Liszt, whose face bore a curious resemblance to hers, was immediately attracted by her brilliance, and although Berlioz warned him that the countess was a calculating woman who knew exactly how she affected men, and who did not hesitate to throw them overboard once she got tired of them, the twenty-three-year-old Liszt and the twenty-nine-year-old Marie were soon inseparable.

Frightened at first by the countess's ardor Liszt, as he was to do later in similar circumstances, forsook Paris for a quiet ecclesiastic milieu, in this instance the house of Abbé Lamennais, the great leader of politically liberal Catholicism, then engaged in the writing of his radical "Paroles d'un Croyant," a work that reached over a hundred editions—and earned him papal excommunication. The separation of the lovers gave rise to the ardent exchange of letters which were impounded upon the death of the countess in 1876, not to be released while their daughter, Cosima Wagner, was among the living. It was felt that these letters would not help the cause of the Bayreuth undertaking; there was enough scandal mongering nevertheless in Marie's novels and pamphlets.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Of Franz Liszt his erstwhile love wrote: ". . . between us how much despair, how many dead, how many tears . . ."

THE fiery musician soon became restless in the benign company of the elderly abbé and returned to Paris. But his position was not an easy one, for Liszt lived with his pious mother who would not condone such unsanctioned relations. Therefore the lovers met surreptitiously in the suburbs, keeping in touch meanwhile through correspondence. The future arch master of love proved to be a naïve and candid swain at the beginning of his career. "I shall begin a novena today"—he writes to Marie—"and shall wait for you all day." Prayer and love are still intertwined for the man who later became cynical toward women. There is no trace yet of the stormy exchanges which the countess, who under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern published a number of works well known in Europe, later aired before the entire literary and artistic world. For the time her affections were still untroubled, and, to Liszt's great discomfort, the countess decided to draw the "moral consequences" of their love, and left her husband and children. This was, of course, the period of great abandonments: Byron, Shelley, George Sand. And the last, a woman who was the source of many a tragedy, also entered Marie d'Agoult's life, this time as a rival.

The two women watched each other; if Aurore Dupin dabbled in botany, Marie d'Agoult took up zoology, if George Sand washed her dirty linen in public in her "Elle et Lui," Daniel Stern proclaimed her amorous disappointments and her fury against Liszt in her "Nélida." In general, Aurore's literary triumphs constantly spurred Marie to higher efforts, and during this rivalry, lasting for decades, she managed to write a few excellent books: one on the Revolution of 1848, another on the re-

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publican movement in the Low Countries, a fine dialogue essay on Dante and Goethe, and a delicate and poignant study of Marie Stuart. But we are ahead of our story, for the problem at the moment was to get away from her husband. Her mother who had, as we have seen, known a trick or two, stood by with good advice (it seems that this faculty was hereditary in the family, for Marie's daughter Cosima was also adept in such affairs), and the two disappeared to Switzerland, where Liszt joined them. The count was not particularly upset, but all Paris seethed with scandal.

As time went by and the largesse of the Bethmann family diminished, Liszt and the former countess began to quarrel. Marie led an extravagant life which ate up a fortune; furthermore there were three children to be looked after: Daniel, who died in the prime of youth, Blandine, who became the wife of Ollivier, Napoleon III's last prime minister, and, of course, Cosima. And then George Sand made her appearance, bringing with her the real storm clouds. At first the trio got along very well, traveling in Switzerland and visiting the famous places. It must have been a curious sight for the staid Swiss burghers to watch these eccentric people, for they could not even be sure which was which, what with Liszt's hairdo covering his shoulders and George Sand wearing trousers and puffing on black cigars.

The trouble began in earnest when the pair, still not welcome in Paris, accepted an invitation from George Sand to visit her in her country place. Marie preceded Liszt, who was on a concert tour, and the two women engaged in some preliminary skirmishes, but when Liszt arrived the battle was on. George Sand intended to add Liszt to her trophies, but the experienced hero of the world's concert halls was no Chopin or Alfred de Musset, and presented to the would-be conqueror not himself, but a set of pipes and some tobacco. Still, Marie was not easily convinced of the innocence of her companion and decided to take revenge on the spot by annexing George Sand's current beau, Louis de Ronchand, who became both her lover and biographer. This turn of events gave Liszt the long-sought opportunity to change the climate of love, and the two parted amidst a cloud of recrimination and hatred.

But the coup de grace came from still another quarter. Barely free, Liszt fell into the clutches of another of the celebrated charmers of

(*Continued on page 39*)

The Art of Unplanning

JOSEPH SZIGETI

WE hear a lot of talk nowadays about "planned economy," "planned publicity campaigns," planned this and that. When I look back on my first American season, its salient feature is that it was so unplanned. I can describe it best by the things that *weren't* there and that *didn't* happen. I wasn't interviewed, or photographed. There were no receptions. I had almost no contacts with New York society. There were no national news magazines, no broadcast interviews, no broadcast performances to speak of. The absence of these short cuts to fame, as well as the absence of the now ubiquitous press agent, made an appreciable difference in impact and in quick returns, by contrast with what obtains at the present time.

—Bendiner.

Joseph Szigeti: "The criterion in placing works on our programs is their density, weight, mood as they follow each other."

I came to America without my wife and without an accompanist, and thus was generally less surrounded, advised, and monitored than is commonly the case. Even a solo recital, that most planned of all planned things ephemeral, was given only as an afterthought, as it were. No date for it had been set before my Stokowski debut and I began thinking about it only after Carl Friedberg called me up the next day to ask *when* I intended following up the Stokowski concert with a solo recital. It was only then that I really knew I had every reason to be grateful for the way things had gone off; generally such knowledge comes to the virtuoso through his overeager circle, or let us call it bodyguard. Little by little, however, the debut began to produce results.

Mr. Bagby, whose Morning Musicales at the old Waldorf had for some half a century been a sort of barometer of metropolitan (or rather "mondaine") acceptance of newcomers to the New York operatic or concert stage, engaged me very soon after my solo recital. When the meticulous little gentleman, with his twirled, waxed moustaches, came to discuss the program, the interview turned out to be quite an eye-opener for me. Not only had I to confess that I was not prepared to play most of the "salon" pieces he suggested—Poldini's "Dancing Doll," the "Meditation" from "Thaïs," Chopin nocturnes, Spanish Dances by Sarasate—but I was somewhat crestfallen when he asked me to be sure to wind up my group with Hubay's "Zephyr." I had played this as one of my last encores at my recital, after a substantial list of Bach, Corelli, Mozart, and so on, and now I heard from the music arbiter's lips: "It's 'Zephyr' with which you got *me*, and its 'Zephyr' with which you'll get my audience, too."

And the old gentleman *did* know his audience; one must hand that to him. This of course was not surprising, considering that while "his" artist was performing he sometimes used to sit on the stage, almost hidden behind decorative screens and palms, scanning with opera glasses the faces of his audience, most of whom had been known to him for years, and evaluating the artist not only by the applause, but by the glances and nods, the ecstatic expressions or their reverse, which the playing elicited.

Early experiences like these fortified me for certain subsequent clashes and conflicts roused by my program policies, though in justice to all concerned I must admit that these were not frequent. True, there was the well-meaning executive of one of the biggest concert circuits in the country whose supreme "trump" during a somewhat heated argument was: "Well, let me tell you, Mr. Dzigedy—and *I* know what I'm talking about—

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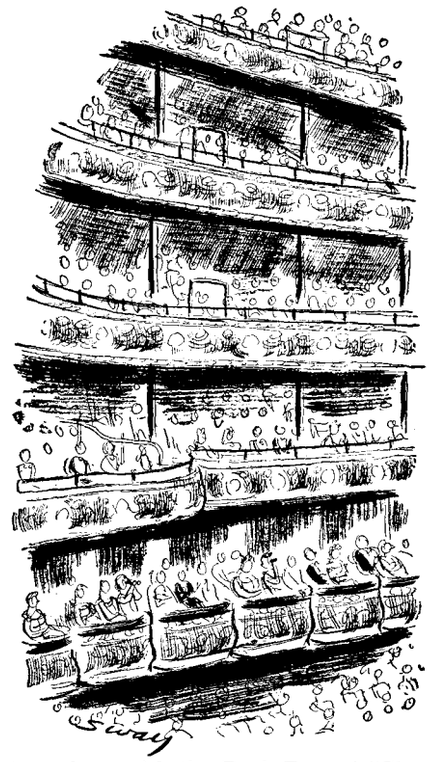
your Krewtser Sonata bores the pants off my audiences!"

This classic description of the effect Beethoven's music had on the essential apparel of some hearers quite naturally leads me to a digression involving some of my ideas on building programs. Perhaps a good way of approaching the question is to look around in other fields where the juxtaposition and the sequence of the material presented are important. In drawing up a program, I feel that the player should at the same time be something like an editor; must assemble works that he believes in, and that, with all their diversity, still express something fundamental in the editor himself—with the not inconsiderable difference that, in the case of the recitalist, the "editor" not only makes but also defends his choice in the reproduction of these works.

The "hanging" of an art-gallery wall is an operation that can make or mar a painter's showing. It calls for deciding how to let one work—or sometimes one splash of color—dominate the wall, radiating outward and enhancing the lesser works around it, or to let the others explain and lead toward the dominating work. In musical programs, this policy is preferable to following and perpetuating concert formulae that may have been successful in their day and for a particular exponent of that time but which will probably spell disaster for the imitator, who more often than not imitates at the wrong moment.

I may recall here the advice given me when I first came to the United States in 1925, by someone who—as he thought—had his "finger on the public pulse" and who was somewhat dismayed by the programs I presented. "Start a program," he once told me, "with the Vitali 'Chaconne' and follow it with something like the Wieniawski D Minor Concerto." The suggestion was well meant, but somehow I had never thought of playing just those two works at any of my concerts in America. Presently the explanation of his advice dawned on me: these were precisely the two works that Heifetz had played at that legendary debut of his in 1917. . . .

When I compare programs—particularly violinists' programs—of the past few seasons with those of my first years in America, I am struck by their variety, enterprise, and awareness of contemporary production. Chronological sequence seems less important now than it used to. The criterion in placing works on our programs is rather their density, weight, mood as they follow each other. Did we not recently see a program where the pianist placed Debussy's six Etudes early on the list,



to end up with the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne"?

In my series of three matinees, called "A Survey of Three Centuries of Violin Music," at the Town Hall in New York in 1937, I did not go to such lengths as this, but I did contrast styles and forms rather more freely than I had in my Berlin series in 1928. At that time my three programs consisted in the main of a different Tartini sonata each time, one Bach solo sonata (with a fugue in each instance), one French sonata (those by Debussy and Ravel, and Roussel's No. 2), and shorter pieces in a somewhat more formalized scheme which I have since more or less discarded.

Since these series of programs, I have tried to diversify my programs still further by calling upon composers to collaborate with me in their works (Bartók in New York, Milhaud in Paris, Pal Kadosa in Vienna, and so on), thus creating a little oasis in a recital program where the composer and not the reproducing artist is the center of interest. I have also enlisted the help of fellow artists like Fritz Stiedry's or Max Goberman's string orchestras for the performance of works like the Mozart Divertimento No. 17 and Bach and Tartini concerti, a horn player for Brahm's Horn Trio, and Benny Goodman for the performance of Bartók's "Contrasts" for clarinet, violin, and piano; and I have invariably found that, after these excursions into different media of sound, my audience seemed to listen to the rest of the program with an added zest.

It would perhaps be worthwhile to investigate such leavenings of the traditional program with works that call for the collaboration of a guest artist. I do not see why a violin recital should not include the Trio by Ravel, for example, or Mozart's Trio in E major, or one or two Bach arias from the Cantatas with violin obbligato; why a viola player should not take pride in presenting Debussy's Sonata for Flute, Viola, and Harp; and why a pianist should not essay what Artur Schnabel and Alfred Cortot have done so memorably—collaborate in one of the imperishable song cycles with a partner of his choice. This, however, for just one section of the program—for that "oasis," as I think of it, for the "let-up" that is needed perhaps oftener than we egocentric performers are willing to admit!

MOREOVER, even without resorting to these interludes on the regular recital program, which may entail expenditures in rehearsal time and money beyond the concert-giver's means, there are still many untapped sources of the solo literatures to draw upon.

How many performances of Ernest Bloch's violin-piano sonata, or of one of Biber's violin sonatas, or of Chabrier's Suite for Piano called "Scènes Pittoresques," or of the 'cello version of Bartók's Violin Rhapsody No. 1, have been listed in the avalanche of New York's recital programs these last three or four years? Has Tansman's Suite or Four Pieces (violin and piano), or Joseph Achron's "Stempenyu" Suite (recently played by Heifetz), or Theodore Szanto's piano transcriptions of excerpts from Stravinsky's "Rossignol" and "Petruchka," or Prokofiev's set of "Songs Without Words" for violin and piano—has any of these had its quota of performances by the young performers? And what about that lovely Duo in A major by Schubert so superbly recorded by Kreisler and Rachmaninoff?

The list is inexhaustible; all that the increasingly improving standard of our recital programs needs is still more confidence in the constantly expanding audience and in its taste—the opinions of the reputedly infallible musical "Crossley ratings" notwithstanding.

The above chapter is from "With Strings Attached," to be published in February by Knopf. Mr. Szigeti, one of the most notable violin virtuosi of our era, has won acclaim not alone for his mastery of the instrument, but for the intelligence of his programming. The latter itself is considered no small victory.

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Twilight of the Ballet

CECIL SMITH

FOURTEEN years ago when Col. Wassily De Basil's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo first arrived on this side of the Atlantic, we saw something enchanting in the way of ballet. A wonderful array of top-flight soloists danced in that first De Basil company — Massine, Lichine, Petroff, Shabalevsky, Danilova, Toumanova, Baronova, Riabouchinska, and others still. The *corps de ballet* was perfectly disciplined. The repertory, chiefly a holdover from the recent days of the Diaghileff ballet, provided excitement and stimulus, for the more recent works were new here and the older staples were magnificently performed. The décors were fresh and attractive, and nearly everything seemed to look as it ought to.

In contrast to this expert and opulent single company, we had in 1946 three decidedly lesser ballet troupes. Each managed to preserve, in one way or another, some of the legitimate qualities which have traditionally made ballet a high art; but none preserved them all, nor presented the virtues of ballet without great deficiencies which tend to obscure them.

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (managed by Serge Denham), the smallest and least adequately financed of the three companies, maintains considerably the most aristocratic taste, thanks to the influence of Alexandra Danilova, our one remaining testimonial to the rare nobility of style of oldtime ballet in St. Petersburg; of George Balanchine, artistically the most incorruptible of choreographers, who created most of the company's repertory, though he is not formally a member of its staff; and of Frederic Franklin, the *maître de ballet,* who has both the intelligence and the fine feeling to collaborate effectively with Mlle. Danilova and Mr. Balanchine. But the *corps de ballet* consists too largely of inexperienced and often inept youngsters lately delivered from the School of American Ballet, and Mr. Denham clearly does not budget enough rehearsal time for either old or new works. Consequently the company is well-intentioned but distressingly ragged and callow in style and execution. Furthermore, the personnel is not large enough to take care of some important works, like "Rouge et Noir," which is not given any more, and a spectacle ballet like "Raymonda" looks skimpy when there are not enough people on the stage.

The performances of Ballet Theatre, on the other hand, are as natty and rich looking and precisely executed as the dance sequences in our best groomed musical comedies. Everything is super-professional and done at the high tension which seems necessary to keep Broadway audiences happy; certainly neither of the other companies maintains a comparable level of execution and stage production. Established stars like Igor Youskevitch, Nora Kaye, and Hugh Laing share honors willingly with wonderfully gifted younger dancers like Alicia Alonso, John Kriza, and Michael Kidd. Some of the repertory—for example, "Apollo" and "Pillar of Fire" —is presented well enough to thwart effectively any adverse criticism. Most of the performances are danced, however, and much of the repertory is chosen, upon the thesis that there is no difference in outlook or aim between the art of the ballet and the local craft of the New York musical theatre. Unfortunately there is a whole world of difference, and Ballet Theatre too often turns its back upon the very world which is the unique and exquisite special possession of the ballet. The flesh is wonderfully willing; much of the time the spirit is not merely weak, it is not there at all. Topicality, speed, and up-to-dateness are poor substitutes for timeless serenity and spaciousness of imagination.

Sol Hurok's so-called Original Ballet Russe arrived on the scene because Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith decided to manage Ballet Theatre themselves, leaving Mr. Hurok, their former manager, without a tenant for the Metropolitan Opera House in his annual fall season. From South America he brought the company which Colonel De Basil, long since out of the management of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, had kept busy down there through the war years. It was a second-class company, without many good dancers or much chic, but it had more familiar and popular ballets in its repertory than either of the two competing companies. In order to put on a bigger show, Mr. Hurok also secured the rights to several pieces staged in 1944 by the now defunct Ballet International and had them prepared by dancers in New York. Then, to make sure his season would be salable, he engaged Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, André Eglevsky, and others as stellar "guests." At the Metropolitan you saw all sorts of different faces, styles of dancing, levels of execution, and standards of taste as each hodge-podge of an evening unreeled itself. But at least you did not have to submit exclusively to the ministrations of the South American group, as logy and bored and careless

—Courtesy Original Ballett Russe.

Markova and Dolin show "qualities which have traditionally made ballet a high art."

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a collection of dancers as ever was banded together

All three companies betrayed a basic weakness in their failure to add much of significance to the repertory. Last year's best novelty, Ruth Page's "The Bell," with music by Darius Milhaud and a setting by Isamu Noguchi (the only new ballet given by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo), stems from the Fokine-Massine tradition primarily, as it seeks to evoke the shifting moods of Poe's poem in varied episodes leading to a final and evil destructive bacchanale. An honorable attempt to build a serious composition, Miss Page's endeavor falls short of real success in that she is sometimes unable to develop and extend her choreographic ideas, instead of just repeating them or evading their implications by bringing in diverse new dance materials.

MR. HUROK'S three novelties were all bad, two because they were in vulgar and tawdry taste, and one because it lacked invention and life. David Lichine's "Cain and Abel" danced to music from "Götterdämmerung" whose normal connotations nobody could hope to push aside, showed us the birth, life, and—for Abel—death of two very naked boys who alternated extremely showy athletic feats with heroic poses, and consorted with two young women named Evil and Good, who wore long, stringy wigs and what looked like dirty balbriggan union suits. The piece had undeniable vitality, in that it succeeded in making fully the effect the choreographer evidently intended, but it set a new record for gaucherie on the ballet stage.

Vania Psota's "Yara" turned out to be a tiresome tale about a Brazilian girl of unspecified origin and standing who caused a long drouth by having an affair with the Sun. It was danced to monotonous music by the Brazilian composer Mignone, and was marked by lumpy, static shifts of the dancers from one rhetorically conceived tableau to another, and a relentless episode in which everybody crawled hungrily about the drouth-ridden stage.

John Taras's "Camille" offered eye-filling but poetic and imaginative Victorian settings and costumes by Cecil Beaton, and exquisite dancing by Alicia Markova within the limited opportunities granted her. That was all. Even the familiar story did not become intelligible until extensive revisions had been made. The music consisted of short, non-dramatic pieces by Schubert coarsely orchestrated by Vittorio Rieti.

Ballet Theatre also had its Cecil Beaton item, "Les Patineurs" ("The Skaters"), choreographed back in 1937 in England by Frederick Ashton to miscellaneous Meyerbeer tunes. The boys and girls imitated the movements of skaters for half an hour, until a merciful snowfall put an end to the exercises. The Beaton setting and costumes ran into spectacular competition later in the season, when Eugene Berman's elaborately eerie imaginings for the romantic "Giselle" crowded the fine dancing of Mr. Youskevitch and Miss Alonso clear out of sight. Mr. Berman's sketches will look beautiful and provocative in art galleries, but they are unkind to dancers.

With "Facsimile," consisting of choreography and music by Jerome Robbins and Leonard Bernstein, the aim of Ballet Theatre undergoes a *reductio ad absurdum*, in a work which is impoverished when viewed as ballet and flatulent when viewed as theatre. The new piece concerns three people who are too trivial to take life and love seriously, and who display their triviality principally by means of explicit physical intimacies of a sort that are better engaged in privately. Apparently Mr. Robbins succumbed so fully to the opportunities for cheap realistic detail offered by his subject that he quite forgot to compose much real choreography. Much of the movement can be identified as snippets from the Antony Tudor ballets, and from the intentional silliness of Martha Graham's "Every Soul Is a Circus," a silliness which turns back on itself when it is used in a pseudo-serious context. Triviality may have a Deeper Meaning, but Mr. Robbins has not found it.

And so in the once vital art of ballet the pendulum has swung full. The promoters of ballet in this country are promoting it right out of its birthright. Now, after all these years, Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine find it necessary to form a new and modest ballet company in order to start all over again, with the purpose of presenting new works that can be taken seriously.

The Synthetic Shepherd to His Love

By William Lawton Maner

COME live with me, and be my love,
And all my post-war pleasures prove,
That valley, grove and hill and field
As housing subdivisions yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks
And listen to my Magnavox;
My shepherd's pipes are now too prized.
Petrillo has them organized.

My cows give milk to gown your back
In purest, fast-dyed Aralac.
My earth grows corn, which with the breeze
Makes girdles out of celanese.

A blanket of synthetic wool
Which from our finest coal we pull
At night will warm our separate beds
Latest in electronic spreads.

Come sit with me, and we will dapple
Your fingernails with Fatal Apple;
A new rejuvenating cream
Will cleanse your tissues as you dream.

About your lovely throat I'll curl
A double strand of cultured pearl
Which I shall get for you from Saks
Including Federal Excise Tax.

The newest swains will dance and sing
The latest Technicolored Thing;
Your foods will be approved and tested,
Your reading carefully digested.

All of these things I can afford,
So if you'll join my bed and board
They're yours. The offer will not wait.
Reply at once. In triplicate.

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A Study in Logic

MUSIC IN OUR TIME. By Adolfo Salazar. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 342 pp. $5.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

MODERN MUSIC is a term with disagreeable connotations for many lovers of the art. Large numbers of earnest and well-meaning concertgoers recoil in horror at the very idea. This psychosis may proceed from the inability of the individual to reconcile his sense of duty to music as a living art, an aspect which should enlist his sympathy and support, with the acute sense of discomfort he experiences when listening to examples of it. This is bad for everyone—the composer who feels himself cut off from a large audience, the performer who must choose between loyalties to the living composer and the unmistakable preference of the audiences, and for the audiences themselves, many of whom become bitter reactionaries at a tender age.

Anyone who knows anything at all about music would admit that a composition, modern or established, heard for the first time reaches the hearer only in part. The most skilled musicians are wary of expressing an opinion of a sizable new work at a first hearing. Only after repeated performances and sometimes after a span of years can one be sure of the music's quality or even that one likes or dislikes it. If the listener repudiates all music that sounds different or strange, his interest in the art is superficial. At least his curiosity might be aroused into trying it over again. Sometimes such courage is most rewarding. Enjoyment of the music of the past comes more easily, one becomes accustomed to features or style and idiom, so the unfamiliar music of the past, while scarcely able to compete with the popularity of well-known favorites, does not encounter so much audience resistance.

If we look back at past relationships between audiences and the new music we find that in some ages the change in style was gradual and caused less inconvenience to listeners as the music progressed to new forms. The trouble with our unhappy age was caused by what happened at the end of the nineteenth century. Wagner's great success swept everything before it. Everyone seemed to be trying to write more Wagner and nobody else could. Music became more elaborate and longer, the freshness wore off the chromatic harmonies and the highly colored orchestration, and composers began to feel that they would have to take a completely fresh start or stop writing entirely. As a result the twentieth century has seen a series of revolutions and experiments on the part of its most gifted practitioners, good for music perhaps, because opening up new possibilities for exploitation, but disturbing to audiences who, still intoxicated with Wagnerian splendors and unaware of the artistic crisis, greeted the experimenters with raucous shouts of disapproval. This was the time when people began to be afraid of modern music. They would have none of it and a whole period went by when the most sincere compositions of talented composers were played to small audiences consisting chiefly of their own numbers.

Composers cannot afford to ignore what is being written in their own age whether they like it or not. The experimental music of 1910 to 1930 has been heard and digested by most of the men who are writing music of importance today. Now that the revolt has quieted down and a period of synthesis of the new with the traditional gives promise of a new music of lasting value, audiences who have refused to follow the tortuous paths of the experimenters are at a loss to understand much of the music that is being written today, which although relatively conservative, melodious, and sane necessarily reflects somewhat the discoveries and sonorities of periods so deliberately ignored.

Adolfo Salazar's "Music in Our Time" is a conscientious effort to inform the serious reader as to what has been going on. He goes back to the music that everyone loves and understands and traces the germs of decay and the promise of the new in the writings of Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, and other great figures of the mid-nineteenth century. Passing through the nationalistic schools he points out the later revolt against nationalism and the decadence of Romantic ideals in such post-Romantic figures as Strauss, Franck, Scriabin, and Mahler. The Impressionism of Debussy, the Expressionism of Schoenberg, the struggles between atonality and tradition in the contrapuntal school with the twelve-tone disciples taking one route and the conservatives another, are explained at some length. There are analyses of several important and difficult works. The curious career of Stravinsky and the emergence of Bartók as one of the truly great figures of our time are interestingly described. Finally there is a survey of American music with a sincere attempt to single out the meritorious from the mass of music which our composers are writing today.

Mr. Salazar's musical instinct is sound and he has a flair for illumi-

—From "Contemporary American Painting."

"The Conductor," by Mervin Jules.

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nating expression which is often in evidence. The book is hardly designed for the dilletante but there is much of value to be learned by the serious reader. Books on contemporary music are perishable because of the constant shifting of values. Reputations bob up and disappear almost overnight.

"Music in Our Time," because it is the first attempt, and a successful one, to show as logical the development of the art which has appeared so illogical to the audiences of today, seems to have a chance of survival. Certainly there is nothing else available in English so complete or as enlightening.

Admiration for a Master

HANDEL. By Herbert Weinstock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 326 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ABRAHAM VEINUS

"THEY buried Dickens," wrote Samuel Butler, "in the very next grave, cheek by jowl with Handel. It does not matter, but it pained me to think that people who could do this could become Deans of Westminster." Butler was an avid Handelian, engrossed as single-mindedly in his composer as an anchorite in his pet temptation. Weinstock, just as alert to the manifest and manifold beauties of a Handel score, maintains his enthusiasm on a saner, more scholarly, and necessarily less colorful level. Fortunately, unlike Butler, he finds in Handel no excuse for alternately bludgeoning and patronizing nearly every other composer (Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven included) who dared commit music to posterity.

Handel qualifies as the peculiar type of classic whose name is spoken with the proper intonations of respect, and whose music in largest measure remains unheard. Composers, scholars, and musicians who have bothered to dig into his voluminous production bear virtually united testimony to the splendors that await anyone who would adventure among the Handel operas and oratorios. In all truth, difficulties attend the strict revival of many a Handel work. Handel earned his living by composing, and in large measure his music is tailor-made to the requirements and conditions of a specific time and place. But intelligent musicianship can get around performance difficulties, and the admiration of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Gluck is endorsement sufficient to warrant the effort.

Weinstock's study is a welcome one if only that it directs the attention of the general music public to the neglected works of a great master. It is welcome on the additional ground that, designed as a scholarly work addressed to any layman with an adult interest in music, Weinstock avoids with commendable premeditation the pernicious pitfalls both of "popular" and "scholarly" biography. He has a confessed admiration for his subject; but he refuses to romanticize, glamorize, or otherwise adopt the strange combination of true confession and movie magazine technique considered standard for "popularizing" a respectable composer. He invents no rhetorical speeches for his hero to declaim; he avoids being cute about Handel's murderous pronunciation of the English language; and the job he does in demolishing the silly anecdotes that have accumulated around Handel is a job worth doing. Furthermore, there is no positive evidence presently available to connect Handel directly with any specific love affair.

The temptations are obvious, and Weinstock deserves a halo for his simple and honest reluctance to discourse cleverly upon a subject about which neither he, nor any other Handel biographer, has any information. The point is worth making, for it has already been regretted that Weinstock did not shed more light on Handel's sex-life. It has become quite fashionable in popular biography to cash in on the current interest in things psychiatric, and, in the absence of evidence, for a writer to insult his reader with speculations which demonstrate only that he knows even less about psychiatry than he does about music. Weinstock's care in exploding myths and sticking close to the evidence is a noteworthy example of the kind of integrity much needed in this field. Similarly, Weinstock is refreshingly free of the most damnable of scholarly sins: a sense of a personal property right in music largely unfamiliar or unknown to his readers. There is no preciousness in his conviction that Handel is a great composer, and that his music is a worthwhile human experience. He relays a sizable quantity of information to the reader without either assuming that he is thereby conferring a great favor or revealing a great mystery; and (blessings on him for this) he does not belligerently assume that any other mortal who ever wrote three sentences about Handel is a fool.

Herbert Weinstock: "Handel was struggling to free himself from the ancient institution of patronage."

The details of the Handel biography, particularly as they relate to the largest portion of his life which he spent in England, Weinstock orientates around the thesis that Handel was engaged in an "economic war" of great historical importance.

> He was struggling [writes Weinstock] against discouragement, imminent bankruptcy, odds of every sort, to free himself from the ancient institution of patronage, to assert his right as a musician to be an earning member of society, a free man whose art could win financial support in the open market. This was a long, uneven struggle, with periods of apparent success, periods of complete defeat, periods of standing still. For Handel, it was to end in complete victory. It was a war that never touched Johann Sebastian Bach, and of which Haydn was to be only intermittently aware. Mozart was to fight it over again on the Continent, and Beethoven was to uplift it into a mighty human drama. But it was Handel in England who fought its first great skirmishes and won its first salient victories.

This thesis is a wholly tenable one, and it is to Weinstock's credit that he can state it so succinctly and mashal a good deal of evidence for its support. It is regrettable, however, that his sense of social and political reality should upon occasion go badly askew. Describing, for example, the condition of England upon Handel's arrival there in 1711, Weinstock summarizes by saying that "Anne reigned over an England not profoundly different from that of her great-grandfather, James I, a century earlier." That century, as it happens, witnessed in England the beheading of one king, the exiling of another, and a social and political revolution of lasting historical importance. An editorial blue pencil is clearly indicated for future editions of this book.

Since Weinstock's concern is main-

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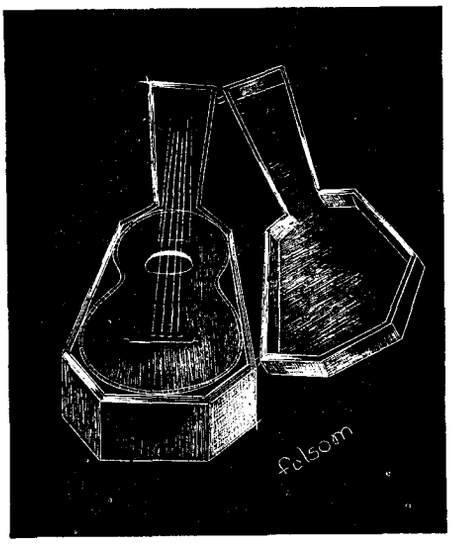
ly the ordering of biographical detail, chronology takes precedence over any organized discussion of the style, idiom, and technique of Handel's art. The bitter battle that was waged over the relative merits of Italian opera and opera in English, and which involved polemicists of the caliber of Addison and Pope; the singular satisfaction which Handel's English audiences found in listening to his oratorios; the non-liturgical tone and function of his organ music; the peculiar phenomenon of a German-born composer, passionately devoted to the propagation of Italian art, gaining acceptance ultimately as the most English of English composers—these are among the many interesting topics which are only indicated rather than discussed. Wherever the problem is an obvious and an unavoidable one—as, for example, Handel's extensive borrowings from his own and other composers' music—Weinstock courageously attempts to grapple with it. But it can scarcely be said that his discussion is either convincing or complete. It is a pity that Weinstock chose to limit the range of his study, although



he may have had his own good reasons for so doing.

As an introduction to Handel, the general music public will find this book profitable reading. It is informative, and, whatever the limitations Weinstock has chosen to impose upon himself, his combination of enthusiasm and integrity is clearly worthy of respect.

A Musician's Musician

HAYDN: A CREATIVE LIFE IN MUSIC. By Karl Geiringer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 342 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ERICH HERTZMANN

ON library shelves biographies of great composers can be measured by the yard. The writings about Haydn can be measured in inches. Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and lately Tchaikovsky, have been written up several times within a decade, and Wagner is at least a one-book-a-year man. The publication of a Haydn biography has been, and still is, a rarity and an event.

What can possibly be the reason for this neglect? Here is a man who was kapellmeister at one of the most glamorous courts of the eighteenth century, who was elected member of many learned academies, who was received in private audience by the ruling monarchs of Austria and England and honored with the most precious gifts and highest decorations—and yet he has captured the imagination of so few biographers. Here is a man whose genius and unrelenting toil make him "the great master" and whose music aroused unheard-of-ovations all over the world from Austria to the United States of America—and yet his glory died with him.

Karl Geiringer, in the Epilogue of his new biography, "Haydn: A Creative Life in Music," tries to give an explanation for this partial eclipse: "To the romantic period Haydn's music seemed too serene, too simple and straightforward; his utter lack of ambivalent or morbid moods made his compositions appear as 'too uncomplicated'." One might go further than that. The nineteenth century, under the impact of the new esthetic doctrine that art is the vehicle of the most intimate confessions of the individual—leading in the extreme toward self-destruction—lost the sense for the subtleties and infinite charm, for the unique economy of means, the perfection of form and proportion in truly classical music.

Haydn's music is just as great and profound as that of the romantic composers or that of Mozart and Beethoven. The story of the genial Papa Haydn is only a myth—a myth so ingrained in many people's minds that even Mr. Geiringer seems to be infected by it. When he finds in the trio of the minuet of Symphony No. 102 "an ardor and yearning that one would expect in a composition by Mozart rather than in a piece by Haydn," he betrays an inclination toward that very school of thought which he tries to refute. In Haydn's music there is a depth of feeling which in its restraint makes it all the more touching, a dramatic quality which in its sincerity makes it all the more convincing. The exuberance and drive of his allegros are wonderfully balanced by the passionate lyricism of his slow movements—a balance unexcelled in musical history.

Although Geiringer tells in a readable manner the story of Haydn's life —including a good many anecdotes for lack of existing documents — Haydn the man does not really come to life. Psychologically he remains an enigmatic figure, a mosaic composed of many disconnected little stories of partly factual, partly legendary nature, the synthesis of which is left to the ingenuity of the reader. Little is known about the character of the man who rose from a humble little peasant village, the name of which is not on any map of Europe, and who after a spectacular career felt so much at home in the crystal lit ballrooms of his aristocratic friends. To fathom the curious mixture of deep-felt religion and strong desire for life, splendor, luxury, recognition, and even fortune, is a problem that Mr. Geiringer has managed to solve only in part.

Geiringer set himself the task to discuss succinctly all the Haydn compositions he could find. What he has to say about them is for the most part of an obvious nature, and only in rare instances does he go below the surface. These comments might pass for concert program notes, but from a Haydn specialist one would expect more. One wonders whether this sort of enumeration serves as good a purpose as a catalogue raisonné in chronological order. There are occasional slips, such as when he puts the unpretentious Capriccio in G major, the autograph of which is dated 1765, into the same period of maturity (1780-1789) as the provocative Fantasia in C major from 1789.

It would be unjust, however, to judge Geiringer's book from these shortcomings. This is the only up-to-date biography of Haydn in the English language, for which we must thank Mr. Geiringer, one of the few scholars who have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the study of this great master. He has not only collected all the new data that have cast light on Haydn research, which has been in such a jumbled state for so long; he has also contributed many valuable observations and ideas. His book will help to correct the misconceptions of the nineteenth century which are hard to kill. A renaissance of Haydn's music is already on the way. Haydn has now reached the stage of being a musician's musician, as Bach used to be—a step in the right direction, a step that will most certainly lead to the greater popular acclaim he deserves.

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From Naziland to Covent Garden

TWO WORLDS OF MUSIC. By Berta Geissmar. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

SOME months ago the "Furtwängler affair" was a steady item in the news from post-Hitler Vienna and Berlin. The *cause celèbre* of the European musical world of the middle thirties, the conductor's short-lived fight against the powers that were and his subsequent compromise with them, seemed to be revived, with the shoe on the other foot. I don't know how the *affaire* stands at this moment; but if Dr. Furtwängler should be in need of a witness to testify in his favor before some de-nazification court, a copy of this book will do. A goodly portion of it is taken up by an apology for his collaboration with the *Kultur* fringe of Hitler's gang. According to Miss Geissmar, for about twenty years Dr. Furtwängler's secretary and confidante, he felt that "it was his duty to remain in Germany," whatever the discomforts and whatever the costs imposed upon him and his conscience. It was but another case of what Wallace Deuel once called the "German patriots' dilemma."

How difficult it was to face that dilemma squarely becomes clear from Miss Geissmar's account of her own attempts to stay where she felt it was her duty to stay. For three years she suffered the ignominies inflicted on her because of her Jewish extraction in order to remain with the maestro whose career and whose art had been the sole object of her life since her early youth. The hit-and-run game between her and the Gestapo in those years is a thousand-times-told story told all over again. Only in this case a peculiar flavor is added to it through the pathetic hesitancy on the part of this "Hitler-Jewess" (as an embittered émigré paper dubbed Miss Geissmar to her dismay) to leave the Reich and her beloved Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

As it turned out, there was a place for a woman of her unique experiences elsewhere, too. No sooner had she left Naziland than Sir Thomas Beecham hastened to secure her services for himself and Covent Garden. A few months afterwards Miss Geissmar traveled Germany again as the secretary general to the famous Englishman. It was a peculiar situation, and the whimsical Sir Thomas enjoyed it. Still some of her experiences on those German trips make slightly embarrassing reading. So, for instance, when she reports on a visit to Bayreuth—those were the days the more refined Nazi cavaliers and their ladies were ordered to hobnob with international society—and tells how "the official photographer . . . took a picture of the three of us in conversation [Sir Thomas Furtwängler, and herself] . . . which [later] was openly sold as a postcard in spite of the inclusion of such a notorious 'non-Aryan' as myself."

Miss Geissmar has hundreds of anecdotes to recount, and one must say she does it well. Her knowledge of musical personages and their milieu is fabulous. Her sketches of Hitlerian Byreuth, of music-crazy Vienna and its petty stage intrigues in the face of disaster, or of the baroque pomp of French festivities will be of interest to concert audiences and theatregoers on both sides of the Atlantic. Compared with an exhaustive work such as the recently published memoirs of Bruno Walter, her book is, of course, not more than a collection of marginalia to the twentieth-century record of international musical performances. Of music itself she has little to say. Her own judgment is hesitant and modest—it is as though this perfect amanuensis were always waiting for the master to nod his assent to whatever she pronounced.

The gentlemanly insouciance of Sir Thomas must have been a bewildering surprise for a person reared in the Kaiser's Germany, who had spent two decades in the shadow of the tense and exacting German conductor. If she failed to come to know England outside Covent Garden at all intimately, she still learned to appreciate the English sense of humor. Here is one of the stories which account for the definite charm of Miss Geissmar's memoirs:

> One day in particular, at the dress rehearsal of "Die Götterdämmerung" everything went wrong on the stage. The scenery was not ready. The lighting was not correct. The Siegfried had refused to come to the rehearsal on some pretext. Sir Thomas walked about on the stage, roaring like a caged lion. The atmosphere was at white heat. In the pit, the orchestra sensed the tension, and relieved the situation by striking up "The Blue Danube"!
>
> Sir Thomas, ever at one with his orchestra, responded at once, and rushed down to the pit. Taking up his baton he conducted "The Blue Danube" at full Wagnerian strength, tubas included. The German prompter, making for his box, was heard to mutter, "In Dresden, this would be absolutely impossible."

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Few Duds

SERGEI PROKOFIEV: HIS MUSICAL LIFE. By Israel Nestyev. Translated by Rose Prokofieva. Introduction by Sergei Eisenstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 193 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN BRODER

TO THOSE of us who have had the privilege of seeing the lithe, youthful-looking figure of Prokofiev bound out of the wings of Carnegie Hall and proceed to play the piano with fire and verve, it is something of a shock to be reminded that he is now fifty-five and that his compositions are numerous enough to warrant a full-length study. On the other hand, the prevailing quality of these works, including many of the early ones, is so high that such a study is long overdue. Prokofiev may not yet have produced an indisputable masterpiece, but he has turned out few duds.

Mr. Nestyev is a young Soviet musicologist who served as a correspondent with the Red Army during the war. He is apparently thoroughly familiar with Prokofiev's hundred *opera* — from the First Sonata for piano (1907) to the Fifth Symphony (1944) — and has adopted the laudable procedure of placing the chief emphasis in his book on the composer's works rather than on his life. He has adhered to this method so steadfastly, however, that we get very little information about the character of the subject as a man, but we do learn a great deal about the occasions for which the various works were composed, the circumstances under which they were first per-

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formed, and the nature of the music. A composer who was a classmate of Prokofiev's in the St. Petersburg Conservatory told me recently that Prokofiev's arrogance and truculence made him unpopular with many of the other students, but that they could not help admiring his undeniable gifts. Sidelights of this sort are rare in the present work.

The author divides Prokofiev's career into three periods—the early years, up to the spring of 1918; the "years of wandering," 1918-1933, during which the composer roamed through Europe and the United States; and the years from 1933, when he returned to Russia, to the present. For each of these periods we are given first the biographical data and then a description and discussion, including some interesting style analysis, of the works.

The value of the style study in general may be somewhat modified for some readers by the author's strict adherence to the Soviet "line" in matters of art, which calls for "exalted social ideals," as distinguished, for example, from the "openly bourgeois trends of Diaghilev and Stravinsky." As a result of this attitude we find statements such as that Prokofiev, in the early years, "was intuitively groping toward the bigger human themes in art and serious problems of a social nature that Diaghilev and the modernists studiously eschewed"—a remark that is hardly substantiated by the works of the next fifteen years. I do not happen to find this approach particularly objectionable, for boiled down to its essential terms it simply means a preference for an idiom whose comprehension is not confined to a small circle of initiates; and such a preference is not the exclusive property of the Soviet Union but has manifested itself throughout the world of creative art in the last decade or so, in reaction to the excesses of the two previous decades.

In the discussions of individual works Mr. Nestyev achieves a high degree of objectivity. While he enthusiastically points out their virtues, he is by no means blind to what he regards as their weaknesses, and his pen does not spare even so recent and completely "Soviet" a composition as the opera "War and Peace."

There is a useful list of works, a general index, and an index of compositions by Prokofiev referred to in the text. The translation is slightly turgid, and a number of obscure or infelicitous renderings have been allowed to stand. The typographical

errors will doubtless be corrected in future printings, as should the curious inconsistency in the statements, on the same page, that Prokofiev completed the "Classical Symphony" in his summer retreat near Petrograd and that he completed the same work in the autumn in the Caucasus. A few footnote references to "interesting" articles on Prokofiev in Russian journals are not likely to be of much help to American readers. But these are small points. We should be thankful that the first book written in English on one of the most important composers of our time is generally a sound and informative contribution.

This is not advertising copy but a great critic's opinion:

ROBERT SCHUMANN

"Was the best music critic who ever lived. Nobody else has ever written of contemporary musicians and the sacred act of composition with such penetration and love.

ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

"edited by Konrad Wolff and translated by the late Paul Rosenfeld (himself, though no musician, a critic who had love in his heart), does honor to the publisher (Pantheon, New York).

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ROBERT SCHUMANN. ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by Konrad Wolff. Translated by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1946. 274 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH

ROBERT SCHUMANN belongs to literature as well as to music. Along with Weber and Wagner he was an active writer and, everything considered, the most representative German musician of the Romantic movement; Schumann had more critical acumen than his countrymen, was more poetic, and, together with Berlioz, is unquestionably one of the most important composers who ever wrote about music; it is fitting that a new English edition of his writings should appear.

According to the preface, "the German text has been newly translated by the late Paul Rosenfeld" from Schumann's "Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker," Leipzig, 1914 "as the old translation" (1877-1880), by Fanny Raymond Ritter, "was swarming with misunderstandings and errors." In all fairness to the wife of the eminent Vassar professor, it should be stated that Mr. Rosenfeld's version is based quite as much on Mrs. Ritter's translation as on the German original. Whole sentences are identical and the English structure is almost always the same so that it would be more accurate to call this edition a revision of Mrs. Ritter's translation of Schumann's letters than an entirely new translation. The publishers have also photographed the musical examples from the Ritter edition, a small point but not without bibliographical interest. Also the reproductions are by no means clear. The book is cheaply put together and the notes hardly as full as they might be in view of our present knowledge.

We are sorry that the editor, Konrad Wolff, did not bring out all of Schumann's essays and criticisms; "of his reviews of minor and forgotten artists, only quotations of general interest have been selected." While it is true that Schumann wrote about men who are today forgotten, the complete picture of the writer and critic is hardly given when only his reactions to the great masters of the past are brought to our attention.

The majority of the writings appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* which Schumann founded in 1834 and of which he was editor for the next ten years. Although a composer, he wrote as a consummate musical journalist yet the forms he used for many of his articles may appear

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unusual. Being a German romantic, he followed the style of the imaginative, humorous, sentimental, and colorful Jean Paul, and felt that his varying ideas could frequently be best expressed through imaginary characters. Thus we have the stormy "Florestan" and the gentle, poetic "Eusebius" representing the dual personality of Schumann together with Master Raro, serving as moderator. Florestan and Eusebius derive from Vult and Walt in Jean Paul's "Flegeljähre." They are extremely lovable characters and one becomes devoted to these enthusiastic "Davidites," so-called because they formed themselves into a group attacking the Philistines of music. The group existed more in the mind of Schumann than in actuality but many of his friends and in general the serious Romantic musicians decried the endless pot-pourri and fantasies on every conceivable opera theme which flooded the market. Schumann was a polemicist but as a composer he also saw the limitations of criticism: "What is a whole year of a musical paper compared to a concerto by Chopin?" we read. "Why write about Chopin? Why not create at first hand —play, write, and compose?" The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* exercised great influence and the articles on Chopin, Franz, Berlioz, and, above all, the youthful Brahms made history.

Schumann was aware of the problems of the musician. He wanted a musical union, an agency for publishing compositions, and a dictionary of living composers; he suggested that readable lives of Bach and Beethoven be written and that a complete edition of the former's works be brought out. One sympathizes with his broad-mindedness. He admired the best of his contemporaries with the exception of Wagner, although he had small use for Rossini and only contempt for Meyerbeer. Curiously enough, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Spohr were not as generous in their praise of Schumann and his compositions as he was of theirs. Robert Schumann was also one of the first to introduce serious musical scholarship into criticism and his famous article on corrupted passages in the works of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven laid the foundation for scientific text criticism. On the other hand, his review of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" was a model of symphonic analysis. Several passages perhaps will give an idea of the man:

> An occasional reminiscence is preferable to a desperate independence.

> Young composers can never learn too soon that music does not exist for the fingers but the reverse, and that no one dare be a bad musician in order to become a good virtuoso.

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Clear Light on a Perplexing Figure

THE MUSIC OF TCHAIKOVSKY. Edited by Gerald Abraham. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1946. 277 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN BRODER

OF biographies of Tchaikovsky there is no lack, but up to now there has been no serious, full-length study of his music, at least in English; and this book is an attempt to supply one. That such a study is needed there can be no question, for a great deal of his music remains unperformed and unknown except to a handful of scholars, and, as regards his well-known works, it is true, as Ralph W. Wood (one of the writers represented in the present volume) puts it, that Tchaikovsky, "who of all composers presents for the not-so-very-musical layman no problems whatever, is for the connoisseur a very perplexing figure indeed."

The plan of the book is unusual: Tchaikovsky's work is divided into ten categories and each is the subject of a chapter written by a critic, the contributors being all British but one. There is an introductory chapter on "Tchaikovsky the Man," by Edward Lockspeiser; the symphonies are discussed by Martin Cooper, the works for solo instrument and orchestra by Eric Blom, the miscellaneous orchestral works by Mr. Wood, the chamber music by Colin Mason, the piano music by A. E. F. Dickinson, the operas and incidental music and religious and other choral music by the editor, the ballets by Edwin Evans, and the songs by A. Alschvang, a Soviet writer.

Mr. Abraham, by careful editing and the use of judicious footnotes, has turned out a surprisingly unified job, despite the fact that the chapters are not at all on the same level of competence. Mr. Lockspeiser's essay is an admirable sketch of Tchaikovsky's strange, warped character. The study of the symphonies is informative, especially in connection with the first three, little known, works in that form, although it contains one rather remarkable statement ("the second subject of the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony is such a melody as a child might pick out for itself on the piano"); and the chapters by the editor and by Mr. Blom are good. The contributions by Messrs. Wood, Mason, and Dickinson are marred to some extent, for this reader, by a lack of the kind of sympathetic objectivity that would seem to be a prerequisite for any contributor to a work of this sort.

Messrs. Mason and Dickinson, particularly, supply a large number of descriptive and usually disparaging adjectives and little analysis; in addition, the former's chapter is rather stuffily written. Mr. Alschvang's discussion of the songs, on the other hand, errs somewhat on the side of adulation, but his is a detailed and useful study of an aspect of Tchaikovsky's art that deserves to be better known. Mr. Evans's interesting account of the ballets includes a considerable amount of information about English performances that throws little light on the workings of Tchaikovsky's mind, but we must remember that this book was written for a British audience. The only important aspect of Tchaikovsky's work that seems to be neglected is its place in the history of music in general. There are occasional references to the influence upon Tchaikovsky of some of his predecessors and to his musical relations with some of his contemporaries but as a rule his music is treated as a more or less isolated phenomenon. A discussion of its effect upon his Russian successor and such composers as Sibelius would have been welcome.

Taken as a whole the book should prove to be of great value to anyone interested in Tchaikovsky's music, a value enhanced by a bibliography, a list of compositions, and numerous music examples.

"THIS department's hat is off to Ben Lucien Burman for his article 'WANTED: NEW GODS,' which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for Dec. 28."

writes J. Donald Adams in THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review (Jan. 12)

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Fastidious Novel

CLOUDY TROPHIES. By Anne Goodwin Winslow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

LIKE Mrs. Winslow's other works, but to an even greater degree, this story depends upon reflection rather than action. Her four characters, who find themselves sometimes in Washington and sometimes on a Delta plantation, do a great deal of thinking and conversing, but their behavior is almost static. Such tenuous suspense as the tale creates is hardly resolved, nor does the reader greatly care whether the two deaths it chronicles were accidental or not, whether the pallid triangular affair it suggests will result in the success or failure of the lady who pursues the Senator.

What matters are the incidental ideas woven into the narrative, its speculations about the mysteries of time, life, forgetting, loss, death, security, and love, its many literary allusions and its attempts to disentangle certain subtleties in human relationships. The characters (a Southern Senator possessed of charm and a sense of humor, his childlike wife, who accepts his great love as a matter of course, a young woman who lives with them and understands the perfection of their love, and finally a somewhat exotic, supposedly "psychic" lady of the diplomatic set) serve mostly as effigies upon which are draped such thoughts as these: "Keeping love lovely is the hardest job a man can do. That, and making death acceptable"; "There are so many ways of losing things, and most of them we do not mind at all. A lot of them we call 'improvements' "; "He could deny nothing without affirming things he had no right to let her believe."

These will seem to some but cloudy trophies in a novel which seeks to probe ultimate realities and never actually comes to grips with them in terms of the novel itself. Yet Mrs. Winslow has a fastidious concern for the niceties of conduct. Her philosophical musings occasionally betray an arresting delicacy of perception, and these are by-products that to certain readers will compensate for the absence of more substantial elements in her plot and characterization.

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LIEBESTRAUM

(Continued from page 27)

the century, Lola Montez, the dancer, who collected famous heads in the manner of a collector of butterflies, by going after them with a net. She pursued Liszt from town to town, always staying in the same hotel where the concertizing master put up. As usual, Liszt at first wanted to remain chaste and utterly moral, but finally the future mistress of the mad King of Bavaria achieved her aim. This was the last straw for Marie, and from now on the only idea that filled her was revenge. Back to Paris to gird for battle, she surrounded herself with literati and newspaper men whom she prepared for their roles, and when Liszt returned to break through the social boycott with the sorcery of his incomparable playing, he was confronted with a hostile and sarcastic press. A few days before the concert "Nélida" appeared in which Liszt was so thinly disguised that no one had any difficulty recognizing him. The romance was now truly ended, after six years. Hence the two exchanged only cold business letters dealing with their children's affairs.

Some twenty years later Liszt met Marie once more. Visiting his son-in-law Ollivier, who procured for him from Napoleon III the Officer's Cross of the Legion of Honor, he decided to call on the countess, then in her fifty-fifth year. Reporting to Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, his titled paramour of that period, he had this to say:

> It was not for the sake of talking over things of mutual interest that "Nélida" wanted to see me, but obviously only because she has heard so much about me and about my successes. She barely mentioned my daughters, and throughout the conversation with his mother the name of my poor dead son, Daniel, was not so much as mentioned. After all these years I kissed her once again on her forehead and said to her: "Permit me Marie to say in my simple peasant way, God bless you, and do not wish me ill."

Then, a few years later—now fleeing from Princess Wittgenstein—when he once more took refuge in sacred precincts, on this occasion actually taking holy orders, the Countess d'Agoult once more remembered her erstwhile lover, this time with dolorous resignation. "What did he do with these twenty-eight years"—writes Marie in her diary—"and what did I do with them? He became Abbé Liszt and I became Daniel Stern. And between us how much despair, how many dead, how many tears, and how much sadness . . ."

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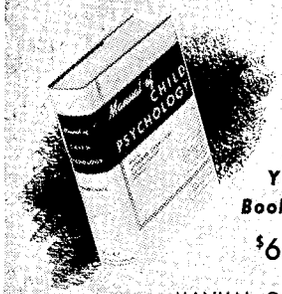

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AFTER a half century and in spite of the enormous distribution of music on records most musicians still prefer to ignore recorded music except in a purely business way. To them records are little more than a mechanical filing case for past experience, as vital as a photo album or a collection of old invoices.

What are we millions of record enthusiasts to make of this undeniable attitude? Principally an objection to the passive quality of record listening. The professional musician, a living do-er, a musical activist, wants none of it. There is good sense behind the familiar term of our schools and colleges—"activities." Too often listening to music on records is no activity but rather a passivity. Nor is there any more dangerous sophisticate than the music lover who has never been closer to living music than the speaker of his phonograph.

Recorded music, to make the obvious parallel, is like photography; it is not a reproduction but a suggestion. It has no life (even high fidelity) until you and your imagination give it life. The human ear—given prior experience in the musical language—can salvage, it is true, an extraordinary amount of musical sense from that suggestion, and it is on this basis that the giant record industry has grown, not on any realistic reproduction of music. But here is the hitch: imagination can re-create, abundantly, but it cannot *create* musical experience. Like those dull, flat photos of a beautiful landscape that most of us have taken, new, unfamiliar music on records is a dead loss most of the time for lack of the actual living experience that might fuel the imagination. There is much music, too, that is ignored on records simply because of unfavorable technical characteristics that leave entirely too much for our starved re-creative powers to cope with. Choral music, for instance. It is seldom popular on records.

Except with choral singers! People who have had the real, live experience of making music to back up their imagination—these people buy every choral record they can find. To an uninitiated listener Bach's B Minor Mass on records is a grand blur of sound; even those who love it are in love, necessarily, with a fraction of the music. Yet to anyone who has participated in this music, actually sung it, the records are intensely exciting (and appalling, too, when one finds how little of the music actually gets through into intelligible sound waves).

Active re-creation, then, is the basis of recorded music's value, and to listen only to records is our worst mistake, perpetuating the false idea that music's main value is in the listening, whereas through centuries the real function of music has been to be performed, to be played and sung. The pleasure, even the religious benefit of music, the glory accruing to the Lord himself, has always been not in the hearing but in the performing of music. Somehow we've snarled up the utterly secondary idea of vicarious sharing in performance, and made that the primary intent of our music, just as we are on the way to doing with our football and baseball.

The man who has played his own back-lot football is the one who can re-create the full, strenuous activity of a game merely in the listening. If you want to enjoy your records, look into music itself. Listen to real music, especially close-to, where music lives strenuously in the players who sweat it out before your eyes. But even more, get in the game on your own. Do your own sand-lot playing, not solo but in a group. Get into a musical *activity* and your records will come alive.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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MAKE A NAME

(Continued from page 10)

lastly, thank God, the spondee, a freak meter (long, long) that carries the virile double punch of a *Bob Hope.*

Fashions in names, especially the feminine, change. Faith, Hope, and Charity elaborated to Sophronia and Lamitha, and they gave way to common, bread-and-butter names like Ella, Mattie, Nellie, and Emma. Then came the more formal Elizabeth and Katharine and Margaret sort of thing. By 1900 there must have been 2,500,000 Dorothys in the U. S. so when you meet one now she's probably in her forties. Ninas came, and Mignons and Maysies. Then Carrie was changed to Carol and Carolyn; Jennie became Jane, Joan, or Jean. Annie and Annette reverted to plain Ann. Then glamor came. Like a great Hollywood wave we were inundated by Shirley, Myrna, Vivian, and Jennifer. And today? Girls have circled back to the primitive, and the old, despised Bridget, Betsey, and Mary Jane are as much in style as open-toed shoes.

If you're looking for a strictly top-drawer name for your heroine, there are none so high-bred, high-chinned and high-heeled as Estelle, Pauline, and Hortense—all iambic. But no heroine of mine and no daughter, either, will bear one of those hundreds of old rubber-stamp names, and above all not one which is a diminutive. Jessie, Bessie, and Lulu (babyfied Louise) may be all right for teen-agers; but when they're gray and grandmothery those childish appellations sound silly.

No, the good old American custom of naming a girl by a family name means something; it has individuality, it has distinction. Ellis and Darcy Jones, or Haslitt Brown, or Macy Perkins may not be pretty names, but they have style. Biblical names, too, are O.K. They have dignified overtones. And, by the way, did you know that there was a Zaza in the Old Testament, and three Dodos?

Well, even if you aren't a writer, you may find a use for these little formulae. You may have a dog to name, or a pet lizard, or even a baby. You want something original, something that people will note and remember. Or, you may perchance be getting tired of the name of your country place, Hillcrest. Apply my Rule 4, and try an initial K. Killcrest immediately suggests Killcares. Suggestive, neat, but not gaudy. Up to date. Or, you might try a straight anagram method. Have you heard, by the same token, that Walter Winchell calls his farm "Chinwell?"

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 670

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

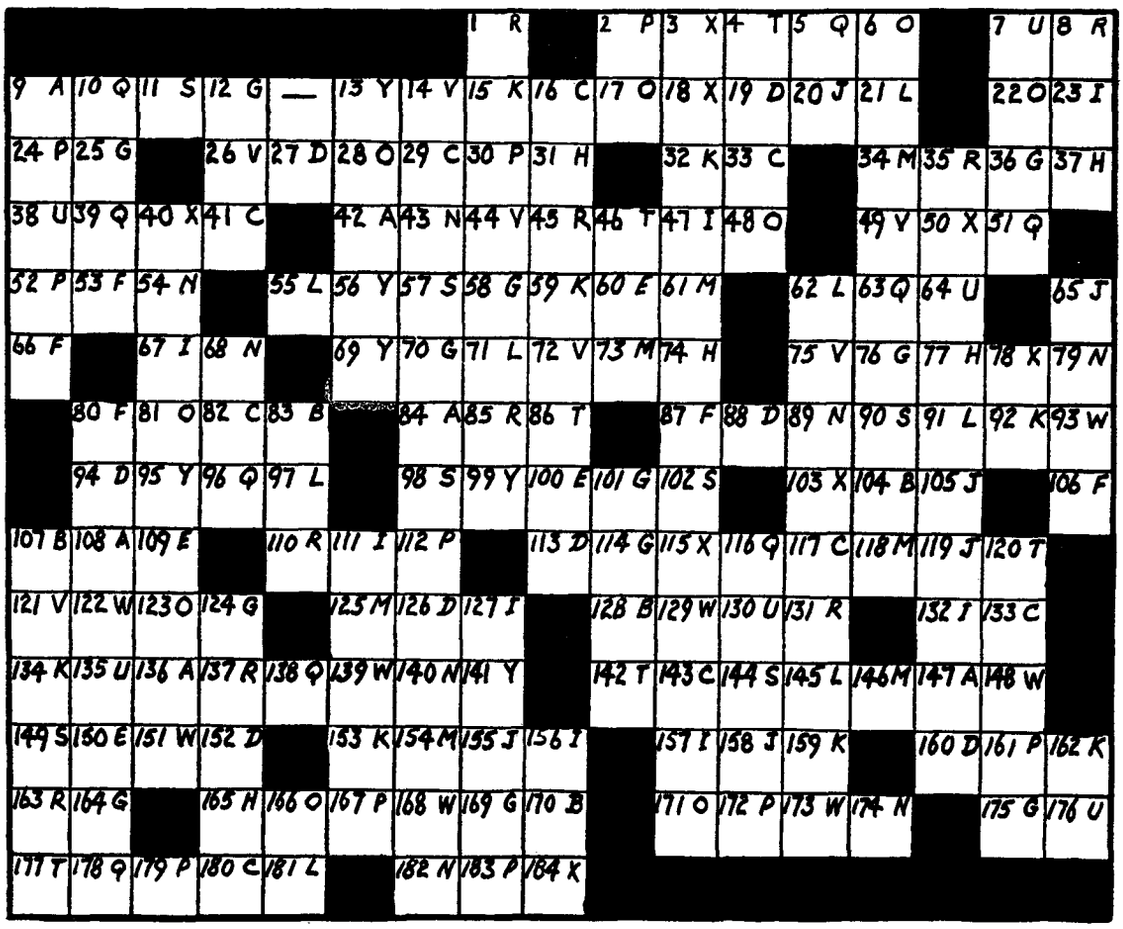
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English poet (1588-1667).	42 108 84 9 147 136
B. Great mountain range of Asia, mentioned by ancient geographers.	104 128 107 83 170
C. A doctrine of G.B.S., basis of "Man and Superman," "Heartbreak House," etc. (2 wds.).	117 143 133 29 33 82 180 16 41
D. Second line of defense of organized forces in former German Empire.	94 126 88 19 160 152 113 27
E. The hero who carried off Marpessa fleeing from Apollo (Gr. Myth.).	100 109 150 60
F. One of "The Three Musketeers" (Dumas).	87 80 53 66 106
G. Like a numskull.	169 114 58 101 175 12 164 36 76 124 70 25
H. Small box, can, or chest, originally for tea.	165 37 74 31 77
I. A fool, simpleton, or idiot, often as a term of abuse (Anglo-Irish).	132 47 157 127 111 23 67 156
J. Miniver (in England).	158 155 119 105 20 65
K. Waldensians.	159 59 32 92 162 15 153 134
L. The position of a tapered block of wood, etc., driven in to split or separate.	145 71 62 91 21 55 97 181
M. The vital animal soul in man (Theos.).	146 73 34 125 118 61 154

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Of a letter, introductory.	68 54 174 79 182 140 43 89
O. Christmas book by Dickens (1845).	171 166 17 6 81 28 22 123 48
P. Local road laborer (Eng.); long poem by Alfred Noyes.	161 24 183 172 52 179 112 2 167 30
Q. Dunedin is its poetical name.	10 51 5 138 116 39 96 178 63
R. An altar carpet (2 wds.).	8 131 45 137 163 35 1 110 85
S. Attained success or recognition.	98 11 149 90 144 102 57
T. Thick-set or slow-moving.	4 120 46 142 177 86
U. Woodland gods or demons, in form partly human, partly bestial, companions to Bacchus.	38 176 135 64 130 7
V. Angel of music of the Mohammedans, to sound the resurrection trumpet.	72 44 121 49 26 14 75
W. A fighting Irishman in "The Rivals" (last name).	129 93 148 173 139 151 122 168
X. One who finds mystic significations in numbers.	18 3 115 184 40 50 78 103
Y. Pretentious; sham; not genuine.	99 141 56 13 69 95

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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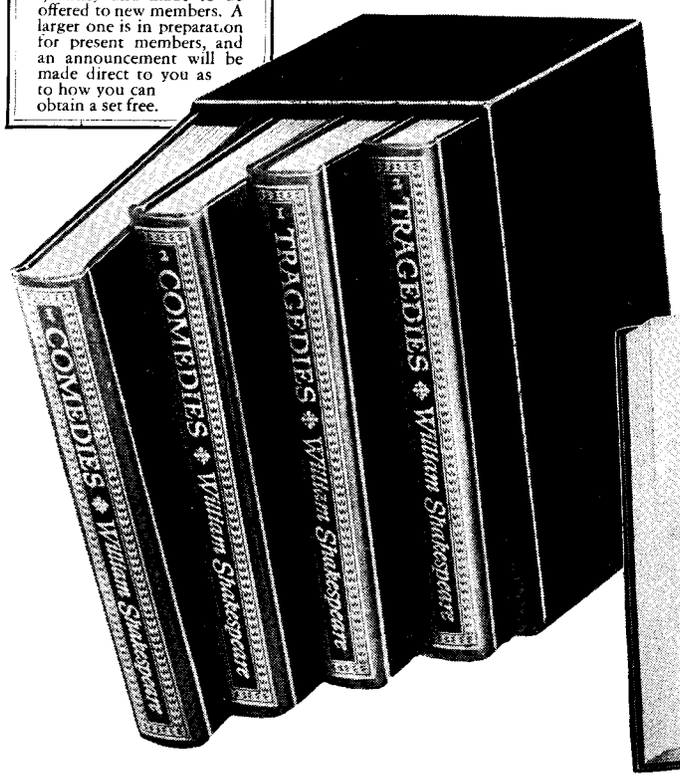
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